



No. 140.—VOL. XI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6³/₄d.



ELAINE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Does it not often happen in the theatre, at a *première*, that the audience is more interesting than the play? Not simply to the chronicler, who notes familiar names in their proper order, for his customary extract from the first-nighter's Debrett; not simply to that professional eye which scans the house for ravishing toilettes, that ineffable lantern disclosing treasures of millinery which escape the common gaze. When its mild but penetrating beam passes over me, I always feel that, were it to concern itself with souls instead of *chiffons*, we should make a poor display, we others; our infinite nothingness would be laid bare, and egotism stock would fall in the market. Fancy reading in the ornamental paragraphs of the journals, not the trimmings of Miss de Flore's gown, but what she actually thought of the piece and the actors, and the nice distinctions between that intimate reflection and her ostentatious ecstasies between the acts! When the curtain is up, and the auditorium is wrapped in a ghostly twilight, you glance along the rows of stalls, and wonder what is passing through the heads of these images, passive and spectral. The pit, with its tradition of bluff candour, is agitated now and then; emotion is frank among playgoers who have waited hours at the doors: if they may not relieve their stuffed bosoms with cries, where is our boasted freedom? But over the stalls hangs an impenetrable veil; every shirt-front is like a shroud of mystery: if you catch your neighbour's eye, it is glassy and devoid of speculation; the assemblage of defunct Dutchmen that confronted Rip Van Winkle was not more inexpressive; and the suspicion haunts your mind that the players only are real, and that the audience is a company of shadows.

The players, however, may wear their reality with a difference—that is to say, the play they are enacting before your eyes may not be what is actually going forward. At the Lyceum, for example, during the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet," I heard a conversation which threw a strange light on that romance—

JULIET. Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo? Why did your voice at the ball to-night remind me of Lucas Cleeve? Strange, if it was really Lucas, dressed as a pilgrim! His was not the spirit of pilgrimages in the old Florence days.

ROMEO. It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Dear me! she is more like Agnes Ebbsmith than ever! What a becoming gown! If she had always dressed like that—

JULIET. Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. It is Lucas, I verily believe!

ROMEO. Agnes!

JULIET. Lucas!

ROMEO. I thought you were on the Yorkshire moors. Did you have a good bag?

JULIET. Bag?

ROMEO. It is a metaphor. You forget I am a literary man. Yet I remember you read an article of mine, and said that hardly a word was misjudged. Hardly! How the bitterness comes back to me!

JULIET. I am very sorry, Lucas; but what do you mean by bag?

ROMEO. O the cruelty of explaining a metaphor! Did you bag the parson, Agnes?

JULIET. Did you leave Mrs. Cleeve quite well, Lucas?

ROMEO. Are you still devoid of passion, Agnes?

JULIET. How this exchange of pleasantries would interest the Duke of St. Olphert's! I hope the dear Duke is in excellent health. He had quite a liking for me.

ROMEO. He has had a good many likings since.

JULIET. Ah, but if he could only see me now! I wear eight gowns in this play. He wouldn't call me dowdy now.

ROMEO. I didn't bring him; but my friend Mercutio is a chip of the same ancient block, and quite as gouty.

JULIET. My poor Lucas! Still so fretful! I fear the companionship of your wife has not been soothing since I gave you back to her.

ROMEO. She divorced me a year ago.

JULIET. And now you want me to marry you, I suppose. You must have some woman to read your articles and nurse your vanity. Frankly, I am not in the marrying humour, Lucas; the sort of life I led with you does not fill me with the impulse of romance. But, as I must be married in this play, we may as well arrange the business with Friar Laurence. I wonder whether he will think it is rather a *blasé* love's young dream. If he only knew the experiment we tried before! Well, marriage with you cannot be drearier than those days in Yorkshire. Good-night. Parting is such sweet sorrow. (*Exit.*)

ROMEO. Let me see, I met her first at Rome; we lived in irregular union at Florence; now I am going to marry her in Verona. A nice Italian tour! Wonderful how Shakspeare completes the work of Pinero! No; how Pinero discloses new meanings in Shakspeare! That's better. And, judging from their beautiful silence, it is clear that our kind friends in front are delighted to see in "Romeo and Juliet" the reunion of Agnes Ebbsmith and Lucas Cleeve!

When the lights went up again, I fancied that the stalls looked wan. They seemed to be wondering whether this performance was a practical commentary on a recent argument about the "age of love." Were

Romeo and his Juliet intended to be young, ardent, impulsive, passionate, or mature, reflective, analytical? Does the youth of Shakspeare's lovers transcend the art of acting, or, while retaining our capacity for infatuation, have we, as mere spectators, lost the faculty of appreciating love in its most youthful rhapsody and tumult? The spectator's standpoint makes all the difference. To him the *abandon* of love is rarely free from a suspicion of the ridiculous. He shudders to think of himself in the same situation, exposed to cruel scrutiny; an affair of the heart seems to him best transacted in the spirit of the old song, "To cheat surprise and prying eyes, O kiss me quick and go!" But in Shakspeare the kissing and the going make a long business, with much blank verse between; and, unless this be carried off with consummate address and prodigious ardour, our modern shamefacedness sees in Romeo "unseemly woman in a seeming man," and in Juliet a very forward type of revolting daughter.

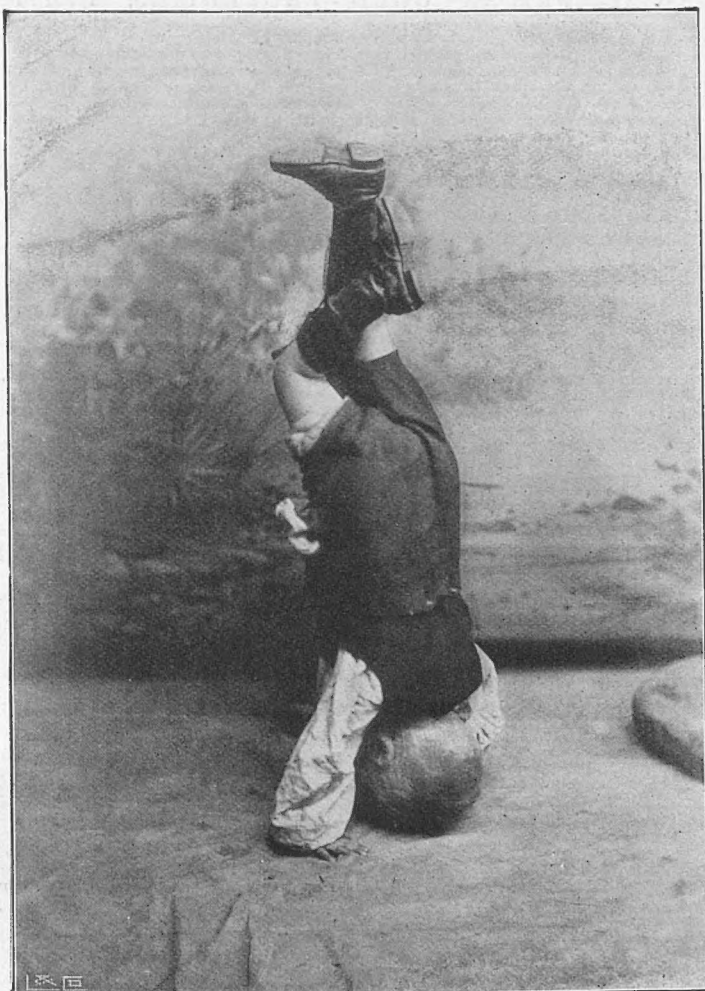
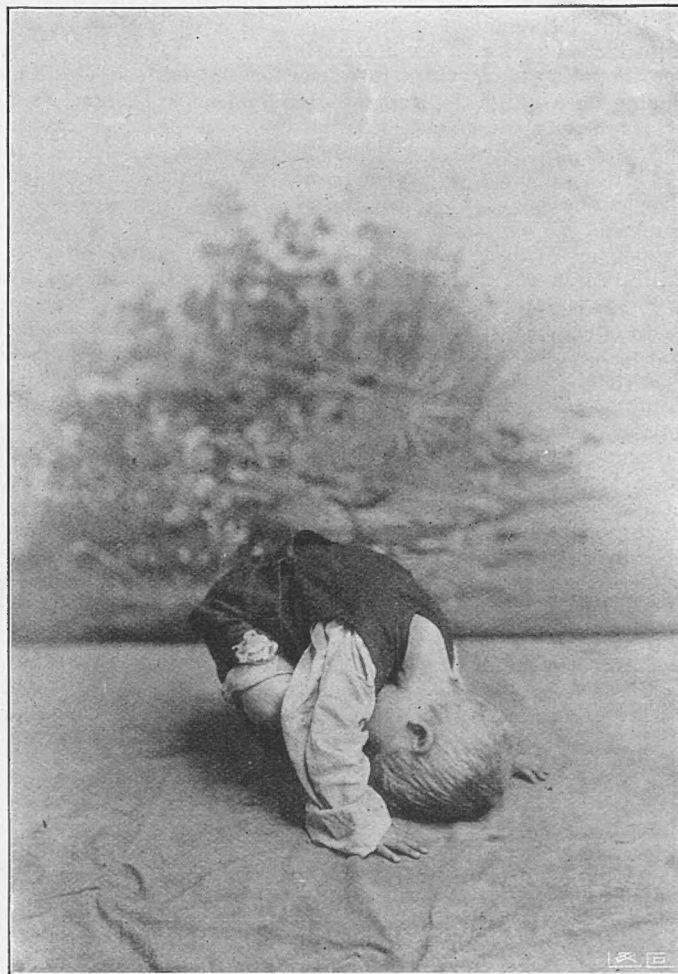
Mr. Stead, who published a penny "Romeo and Juliet," says he received a letter from an indignant parent, wondering at his assurance in placing such an improper book in the hands of the young. Shakspeare, in such guise, appeared no better than a "penny dreadful" to a censor of this type. On the stage, we usually omit some of Juliet's ecstasies; but they are all in print at a penny, and may be read by the girls for whose innocence, as Mr. Thomas Hardy says, we are all "so solicitous." Is "Romeo and Juliet" prohibited in the "family circle," to which *Harper's Magazine* is addressed? In Mr. Hardy's novel, now running in that periodical, some eccentric changes have been made in the text, to spare the susceptibilities of the "family circle." When the story is published as the author wrote it, for the benefit of "middle-aged" readers, the "family circle" will have the opportunity of collating the two versions, an exercise of natural curiosity which, I imagine, will be widespread. Attention will therefore be concentrated on certain passages, the substitution, for instance, of an adopted for an illegitimate child, illegitimacy being inevitable in the circumstances, and adoption, for the sake of the "family circle," being grotesque. It is not a whit less foolish than the celebrated morality of putting the legs of tables into trousers. Of course, we all know that the "family circle" is not without sense, that it is only a silly old woman here and there who frightens editors by denouncing the impropriety of literature. But the instructive point is that, by this process of garbling a work of fiction, in order to keep silly old women quiescent, a prodigious advertisement is given to the unmutated book. As a stroke of business, this would be admirable; as an ethical example, it seems open to criticism. A discerning moralist of the "family circle" might say that it were better to publish a serial story by a writer of Mr. Hardy's repute intact, instead of exciting all this clamour about expurgation, for the ultimate entertainment of readers who are waiting for the unedited Hardy. It were better still for editors and others to remember that, although propriety may be a branch of literature, literature is not a branch of propriety.

I sympathise with the woman journalist who says it is desirable to distract the thoughts of women from the suffrage. She would have them give up the platform, and devote themselves to the befriending of their poorer sisters. Excellent counsel! but the practical examples are not very encouraging. Women who have no call to earn their livelihood ought not, it appears, to engage in journalism. What do they write? "In nine cases out of ten, the merest futilities—interviews, fashion descriptions, and the like." Well, there happens to be a very fine market for these "futilities." Is an editor to say to his women contributors, "Unless you can give me a certificate, signed by two reputable householders, that you are earning your living by your pen, I cannot employ you"? Is the utilitarian to torment her conscience with the question whether the money so earned is part of her subsistence, or simply a luxury? Where does subsistence end, and luxury begin? And if a woman, really comfortably off, chances to be the most competent hand for a particular futility, why ought she to drop it, and take up general benevolence instead? I learn from the writer who has raised these rather knotty points that "moral pressure" may be used to secure the exclusive employment of women who are really bread-winners. Never in this world, my dear lady! This method of regulating the labour-market may be tried in some yet undiscovered planet, by a new race of economic adventurers; but on our earth it is a forlorn chimera.

Some august spirits, I know, dream of the extinction of competition. Do they suppose that a pretty utilitarian, who wishes to renew her wardrobe more frequently than her means permit, by writing for the journals, can be prevented from ousting a less engaging competitor? So far from submitting to "moral pressure," she will have that interesting engine under her control. Philanthropy may abolish a slave-trade; but it will never loosen a woman's grip on any "futilities" to which she has a mind.

A TINY TUMBLER.

Photographs by Messrs. Stokes and Glover, Southampton.



"JOSEPH OF CANAAN" ON THE STAGE.

Religious plays seem to be the craze of the moment. Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" has set quite a fashion; but up-to-date Australia has gone one better by producing a religious play written by a parson. It is called "Joseph of Canaan," and is the work of the Rev. George Walters, a dissenting minister in Sydney, who, before going to the Antipodes, came out of Aberdeen of all places. The play received more than usual attention from the fact that it was produced by Mr. George Rignold, who is about to return to England, *via* America, after concluding an eight-years' lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney—one of, if not quite, the largest of Antipodean playhouses. The author, in dealing with the biblical story, has followed closely the original theme, and, although the dialogue has been brought up to date, it is surprisingly free from any suspicion of anachronism. The prologue with which the drama opens shows Joseph's brethren shepherding in the wilderness, and concludes with the sale of Joseph (Miss Lena Brasch) to the Ishmaelites. In the first act, Joseph (Mr. George Rignold) is sent by Potiphar to suppress a rebellion at the temple of On. A religious ceremony to the god Osiris affords an opportunity for a dance by the *corps de ballet*, entitled "Night," which proves very grotesque and effective. The second and third acts show Joseph's temptation and subsequent imprisonment, including the translation of Pharaoh's dream and the raising up of Joseph to a position second only to Pharaoh. In the next act we are re-introduced to Joseph's brethren, and here comes in the incident of the cup being found in Benjamin's sack. The last act is a true melodramatic ending, Joseph being in a position of power, and his brethren happily settled in Goshen. The drama throughout was well received by a critical first-night audience, and the really beautiful and chronologically true appointments and scenery had much to do with the success.

LYCEUM.

Lessee, Henry Irving.
Under the management of Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Frederick Harrison.
EVERY EVENING at 8.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
ROMEO ... MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
JULIET ... MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5.—LYCEUM.

ROYALTY.—GREAT SUCCESS of THE CHILI WIDOW.
EVERY EVENING at 8.40. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. W. Blakeley; Misses Sophie Larkin, Kate Phillips, Irene Vanbrugh, and Violet Vanbrugh, &c. At 8, HARMONY, by Henry Arthur Jones. Box Office 10 to 5. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE (late Trafalgar).—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT and HENRY DANA.
Every Evening at 8.15.
HER ADVOCATE,
By WALTER FRITH.
GEORGE ABINGER ... MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT.
MRS. FIELD ... MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
NOTICE.—Reserved Seats can now be booked as follows: Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £13s.; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 6s. and 5s.; Upper Circle, 4s. and 3s.; Pit (unreserved), 2s. Box Office open daily 10 to 6. Seats at all Libraries.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, TWO GRAND BALLETS,
FAUST and ON BRIGHTON PIER.
GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA. To-night new grand BALLET, TITANIA. At 8.17,
A DAY OUT. Grand Varieties. THE GRAND WRESTLING TOURNAMENT every evening at 10.50. Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.
Earl's Court. Admission 1s.
The Conception and Design of
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.
Open 11.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. Saturdays open at 10 a.m.
In Sunshine or Rain.
Indian Palaces, Workshops,
Colonnades, Lakes, Jungles, Streets.
Artisans, Performers, Jugglers.
THE SCOTS GUARDS and COLDSTREAM GUARDS BANDS.
THE GREAT WHEEL RUNNING GAULS.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.
THE EMPRESS THEATRE.
(Near the Lillie Road Entrance.)
The Largest and most Perfect Theatre in the World.
IMRE KIRALFY'S
DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m.
IMRE KIRALFY'S
Triumphantly Successful
Historical Spectacle,
"INDIA."
From Elizabeth to Victoria.
TWICE DAILY. For full particulars see daily papers.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street
(Waterloo Place End).
EXHIBITION OF EVERY VARIETY OF CARRIAGE BY ALL THE
BEST ENGLISH COACH-BUILDERS,
Each fitted with
DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRES.
These are the greatest possible luxury both to the occupant and for the horse. Full particulars on application.
On View daily from 9.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

No promotion money of any description has been or will be paid, the whole of the Capital thus forming Working Capital, with the exception of the registration and costs of this issue.

The Application Lists will close at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, Oct. 2, for both Town and Country.

ANGLO-AFRICAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.
CAPITAL, £200,000, IN 200,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH.
PRESENT ISSUE OF £150,000.

the whole of which (with the exception of the amount taken by the directors and their friends) are now offered for public subscription at par, payable as follows: 5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and the balance subject to a month's call.

DIRECTORS.

SIR JAMES D. MACKENZIE, Bart., 15, Redcliffe Square, S.W.
R. G. WEBSTER, Esq., J.P., M.P., 83, Belgrave Road, S.W.
WILLIAM JOSEPH LAMB, Esq. (Lamb and Co., Limited), 7, Philpot Lane, E.C.
T. G. H. GLYNN, Esq., 2, Templeton Place, S.W.
JOHN McMILLAN, Esq., 5, Paper Buildings, Temple, E.C.

BROKERS.

London—MESSRS. JAMES CALVERT and CO., 27, Throgmorton Street, and Stock Exchange.
Glasgow—DOUGLAS CAIRNEY, Esq., West Nile Street, and Stock Exchange.

BANKERS.

LONDON and SOUTH-WESTERN BANK, Limited, and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

MESSRS. DIX and WARLOW, 16, Serjeants' Inn, E.C.

AUDITORS.

MESSRS. BROADS, PATERSON, and CO., 1, Walbrook, E.C.

SECRETARY—A. C. FINCH.

Temporary Offices—3, NEWMAN'S COURT, CORNHILL, LONDON.

ANGLO-AFRICAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed primarily to acquire and deal with mining and other properties and interests in South Africa, and for the other purposes specified in its Memorandum of Association.

2. To purchase, develop, and resell valuable gold-mining and other properties upon the various gold-fields in South Africa and Australia.

3. To advance money for the development of mines, and to acquire interests therein for making such advances.

4. To employ agents and prospectors, and to peg out claims for this Company, or to secure offers of newly discovered gold-mines and other properties.

5. To acquire or take option of purchase of concessions or gold-mines, or of blocks of shares in mining or land companies, to provide working capital for and to assist in the reconstruction of existing gold-mining and other companies.

In issuing this Prospectus, the Directors would draw special attention to the very profitable nature of an investment in this class of security, not only as regards the dividends paid, but also in the enhanced value of the shares, of which the following companies are instances—

	Price of Share.	Closing Price, Sept. 21.
Bechuanaland Exploration Company	£1	3½
Oceana Company, Limited	1	3½
Anglo-French Exploration Company	1	7
British South Africa Company	1	8½
South African Gold Trust	1	10½
Consolidated Goldfields (Ordinary)	1	15½
Transvaal and General Association	1	3½
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment	1	5½

As a consequence of the extraordinary discoveries of gold in South Africa, a large number of companies have within the past few months been placed on the market with unvarying success, and the Directors consider that an opportunity now exists which seldom occurs for an investment such as the shares of this Company offer.

In an undertaking like this, which is practically a parent company, and from which a number of subsidiary companies must necessarily spring, it is difficult to limit the profits which may accrue. The ordinary profit derived from the promotion of one such property alone should suffice to pay a handsome dividend on the issued capital. The revenue from the purchase and sale of properties is also a most important item, the profits in these transactions being at times very considerable.

ANGLO-AFRICAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED.

It is also a recognised fact that the advancing of money for mining purposes is one of the most profitable of financial operations; mine-owners, where short of working capital, being willing to concede almost anything to obtain monetary assistance at the crucial moment.

It is proposed to pay especial attention to Properties in Potchefstroom and on the Rand, and with this object in view the Directors will have under immediate consideration certain proposals for acquiring interests in, or otherwise dealing with, what they believe to be very valuable concessions in that district.

Arrangements will be made to secure the services of first-class mining engineers to advise the Directors as to the acquisition of properties, and to conduct prospecting and mining operations.

Several influential financiers who are taking an interest in this enterprise are concerned in other South African undertakings, and their active co-operation in securing profitable business for this Company may be looked for.

Several valuable options have been offered to the Company, one of which, dated Sept. 24, 1895, between Jacob Rusdel and the Company, has been accepted, and the others are under consideration.

No further contracts have been entered into, no promotion money has been or will be paid, therefore the Company will start free from any expense, except that of formation and registration.

The allotment will be made as early as possible after the subscription-list is closed. In case no allotment is made, the amount paid on application will be returned. If the amount of shares allotted be less than the amount applied for, the excess payment on application will be applied towards the amount due upon allotment. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

A Stock Exchange quotation will be applied for as soon as practicable.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association may be seen by intending subscribers at the offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Applications on the accompanying form, with a remittance of the amount of deposit on the sum applied for, should be forwarded to the Secretary or the Bankers of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Company's Offices, and of its Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

London, Sept. 24, 1895.

ANGLO-AFRICAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

(This form to be filled up and sent, together with cheque for the amount payable on application, to the Company's Bankers, the LONDON and SOUTH-WESTERN BANK, Limited, Fenchurch Street, E.C.)

ANGLO-AFRICAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED.

To the Directors of the

ANGLO-AFRICAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of Five Shillings per Share on Application for Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of shares, and I agree to accept and pay for the same, or any less number, upon the terms and conditions of the Prospectus, dated the 21st day of September, 1895, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares so allotted to me, and I agree to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Shares as required in the terms of the said Prospectus, and I agree with the Company, as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable, to waive any further compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, than is contained in the said Prospectus.

Ordinary Signature
Name in full
Address in full
Profession or Occupation
Date 1895.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"Here we are again!" has been said by Mr. Harry Payne for the last time. The veteran clown passed away on Friday, after a long and trying illness, and with him has gone the last prominent representative of an old school of theatrical art. His father was a great master in the art of dumb pantomime, of which the best modern example is "L'Enfant Prodigue," and young Payne followed in his footsteps. Born in 1834, he made his first appearance as Moth in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," under the Vestris management, and made a great hit as the lovesick Henry II. in "Fair Rosamund," and also in "The Great Bed of Ware." Gradually, however, pantomime gave way to the somewhat vulgar burlesque with which we are now familiar, and Payne's art was relegated to the background. He turned clown, and as such will long be remembered. Since 1883, with one or two intervals, he had been at Drury Lane. His was a delicate art, and the clowning to which he had to descend was forced on him by the conditions of the time.

The success of "Vanity Fair," at the Court, should be surprising to those who pretend and protest that the days of the pessimistic drama are over; for, even at his gloomiest, Ibsen never painted such an unpleasant picture of life as Mr. Godfrey. The English writer calls his work "caricature," and does not succeed in giving one the feeling of truth underlying the exaggeration; yet the actual work presented is horrible. It seems almost brutal in such a fairy-tale, and is not artistic, to show so promptly Mrs. Brabazon Tegg in "the-Devil-was-sick" aspect. Yet the success appears not only in the fact of revival, but the hearty laughter with which it was greeted. I am bound to say that, though I think the play unpleasant, I found the fascination of Mrs. John Wood irresistible. Such an exhibition of "lifting" power throws the exploits of a Sandow into the shade; for scene after scene, where the work might easily fall flat, is kept

by the actress at such a white heat that it is only afterwards one can find fault.

Of Mr. Cheeseman, who succeeds Mr. Anson, one can speak with pleasure. I have often seen him do clever work in small parts, and was glad to see that, in such a chance as Bill Feltoe offers, he is equal to the occasion, and able to give true comic character to his work. Of the other performers, many of them excellent, there is nothing new to be said.



THE LATE HARRY PAYNE.

One would like to know whether Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is glad or sorry that his old one-act domestic drama, "Harmony," has been revived by Mr. Arthur Bourchier. What opinion would a person who had not seen his later work form of the dramatist, now in a lofty position well-earned, if he were to visit the Royalty? For "Harmony" is not equal in merit to "A Clerical Error," which is an earlier work—or, at least, was produced sooner. No doubt, it is an effective piece, but the machinery used to render it effective is painfully disproportionate—it is a case of steam-hammer used to crack filberts.

After all, is what is classed as "domestic drama" still in vogue? Do people want to see in half an hour a piece that seems like a three-act play boiled down? Such a work is very indigestible. Really, seeing what tremendous strides the author has made, it seems a pity to exhume an early work which, though fairly good of its kind, is rather trying, save to the quite unsophisticated playgoer. The chief merit of "Harmony" is that it enables Mr. Mark Kinghorne to show what excellent actors we have among those not exactly fashionable. His playing as Michael Kinsman, the old, blind, drunken organist, is of such quality that a little puffing would draw all the town to see it and admire. Mr. Charles Troode was very funny as a sheriff's man. What grace and charm can do with a poor part was done by Miss Ettie Williams. By-the-by, has sufficient notice been taken of the excellent quality of the orchestra engaged by Mr. Bourchier and conducted by Mr. Albert Fox? it really makes the *entr'actes* quite pleasant.



HARRY PAYNE CLOWNING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

ABOUT MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

"HER ADVOCATE."

It was to have been an "interview," a something which should express the personality, as well as the views and feelings, of the famous actress who is literally the idol of the hour; but Mrs. Campbell had objections. Her horror of the "interviewer" is equalled only by her ineradicable dislike for the "interview." One may say what one likes *about* her, whether in praise or blame, of solid fact or false conjecture, but nothing as directly *from* her. She wishes her work to reveal herself, and the methods by which her work is produced to remain her own, unshared with a multitude. Her "self," her love of poetry, her passion for art, her joy in books, her happiness in friends, her simple life within the radiant circle of her home—all this, Mrs. Campbell thinks, should be sacred from the world.

"Why," she argues, a long, slender hand restlessly travelling over rich embroideries, and soft, lustrous eyes meeting her adversary's in quite an imperious look, "why should the precious particles which make up one's soul be given to the winds? Were it history, now——"; but Mrs. Campbell, dismissing with airy scorn the bare suggestion that "interviews" can be the offspring of that statelier art, leaves her convictions unpronounced. "A great painter," the new Juliet continues, "is oppressed by the overpowering beauty of some great conception, and, with his wife and children, becomes himself a child again, to ease his heart. What has the outside world to do with this? Or what with the great writer's tears, which have been shed, perhaps, over pages of exquisite pathos, say, in Meredith's wonderful 'Feverel,' or the heart-breaking 'Window in Thrums'? It is the result and not the means employed to attain it which concerns the world. And it is *in* my work, and *by* my work, and *for* my work, that it must," Mrs. Campbell asserts, "judge me."

"Well, then, as to Juliet——?" But here again, alas! the interdict is put into force. How, when, and where "the fair daughter of rich Capulet" took shape in Mrs. Campbell's brain, I am forbid to tell. She loves her; thinks always of her as an innocent child; cannot conceive of her as, at any moment of the play, a "desperate woman." That is very clear. Also it is clear that Juliet never was subjected to those merciless methods of analysis and synthesis to which Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith owed their pathetic pathological charm. They were of the head, "briny." Juliet springs full-grown from the heart. "I played her from my heart," is the burden of the confession wrung from Mrs. Campbell's most unwilling lips.

Mrs. Campbell is generally charged with "ignoring" tradition. The charge is easily met. Mrs. Campbell simply does not know what "tradition" is. She never was inside a theatre until she was seventeen years old. She has seen few plays in all, and fewer still in which, she imagines, "tradition" could have had a place. But if "tradition" finds a habitation, say, in Sarah Bernhardt's *Phèdre*—for which Mrs. Campbell has no words to express her admiration—then, indeed, she can understand that it must mean something perfect. As it is, she must regret that, to mollify the disappointed, she was not born twenty, thirty years before; to have seen and learned from the Juliets of old—Stella Colas, Adelaide Neilson, and the rest; to have grown up with those to whom the past is the treasure-house of all that is good and great, and to have drunk her fill at the fount of "tradition." But Fate has willed it otherwise. She is young in an old and dying century; the age is an exhausted age; we are on the threshold of, perhaps, a new life of new ideas; there is a younger generation "knocking at the door"; and, uninstructed in "tradition," flung back upon herself for guidance in her art, she can but form her own ideals.

What they are it needs no inquisitorial torture to discover. Poetry has left its stamp not only upon face and manner, voice and temperament, but has set its seal even upon her speech. This last proposition Mrs. Campbell would strenuously deny, for it is one of her chief grounds of complaint against the "interview" that spoken utterance, reproduced, and "weighted with the dignity of print," invariably appears trivial in the extreme. Still, Mrs. Campbell does put things poetically, because her love of poetry is ever uppermost. And it is this which, in alliance with a magic personality potent to throng four theatres in succession, and to leave each, on her withdrawal, "a beggarly account of empty benches," may resuscitate the poetic drama, now in a state of suspended animation. Already these ambitions are materialising. A version of "Pélleas et Mélisande" has been prepared, and copyrighted by a scratch performance given in the midst of the "Romeo and Juliet" rehearsals. And for this, embellished with scenery and dresses designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and music composed by Humperdinck, Mrs. Campbell has high hopes. Then there is a little, fanciful piece, in idea not unlike the story of the poet Chatterton, in which Mrs. Campbell would appear as a boy. And Mr. Louis Parker is at work upon a tragic drama, partly in prose, partly in verse, having for background the mysterious East. But all these things are on the "knees of the gods." At present there is the necessary question of the New Juliet to be considered. The part makes serious demands upon the actress's never very large reserve of strength; and appearances point to a long continuance of this strain. The thermometer at 130 degrees in the sun has not materially reduced the crowds around the Lyceum doors. Already the bookings extend beyond October, and, if such things are done in a dry month, what shall be done in a wet? It really looks as if, for some time to come, Mrs. Campbell were comparatively secure against the insidious advances of the dreaded interviewer, that "curious impertinent" who religiously pins his faith to the Scriptural promise, "Knock, and it shall be opened; seek, and ye shall find," and, in the case of Rebellious Mrs. Campbell, at any rate, is woefully misled for his pains.

"Although the application of the prosecution to use this witness is unprecedented, yet, on behalf of the prisoner, I am anxious that everything may be heard that tends to elicit the truth, and so I waive my objection." Thus spoke George Abinger, Q.C., and Michael Dennis and other advocates of the old school smiled at such a method of fighting. Dr. Marshall was called, and he staggered into the witness-box, looking more fearful and careworn even than poor Mrs. Field, who stood on trial for her life. Lamely, with stutts and stammerings, the doctor told his tale. He had seen the prisoner, the deceased's nurse, enter his room, with bottle and glass, and offer the sick man something to drink, and when he refused she forced the stuff down his throat. He had asked what she was doing, and she threw down the glass. He picked it up and analysed the dregs. The glass had contained laudanum, the poison that had caused death.

There was a thrill and shudder through the court.

Then came Abinger's turn. Cross-examination, though not very skillful, quickly fogged the witness. It was true, he admitted, that he certified death from natural causes, but he was very ill himself, and had been since the death. He admitted that he had been disappointed. Under a former will of Captain Kennard he took five thousand pounds; under his last testament all went to Mrs. Field, and an action founded on an allegation of undue influence had been brought to set it aside. So far, the witness held his ground pretty well; but when pressed to explain how, when he was supposed to be ill in Gloucestershire, he could have visited Abinger's chambers and offered for money to give favourable evidence on behalf of Mrs. Field, he began to break down. Then question after question came, to which he could not well reply, and he fenced, prevaricated, and tried to bully counsel. Suddenly his nerves gave way. His enfeebled mad mind conceived the idea that the ghost of the dead man had come into court as witness against him; his brain reeled with horror at the thought; clumsy words of confession that he was the murderer burst from his clammy lips, till at last the tension grew too great, and he sank down a senseless thing in the dock.

Of course, this ended the case. No jury could convict the woman in face of the doctor's confession, so the doors were flung open, and she marched out of the dock with head erect. Even as she thanked her advocate for his earnest, successful labours—labours of love—she told him that her sweetheart Frank was hastening home to wed her, and, in her gladness, did not notice that every word was a dagger-stroke in Abinger's heart.

It had been a quaint little irony of life. George Abinger had become engaged to Blanche Ferraby, a girl who loved him to the utmost. The truth of the French phrase that there is in every couple one who loves and one who submits to be loved was shown in Blanche's case; Abinger swiftly wearied of her, yet she, who had no art in love, who fondly thought that to show her love would be to win his, clung on to hopeless hope. Between the two tension was at its tightest when Mrs. Field became his client. No sooner had the barrister seen her than he knew what love meant, and quickly quarrelled with all his friends on her account. To her alone was he reticent, till he learnt that, in despair, on the very morning of the trial, she was going to plead "Guilty." Then he rushed to the jail, confident that his offer of marriage would restore her courage. In his vanity, he had never thought that the widow might love someone else, and when he learnt that another man stood in his way he was almost stunned. What was the end of it? Blanche, after all, got almost what she wanted, for, in his despair, he laid his faithless, broken heart at her feet, and she did not hesitate to accept it. That such a wedding could bring forth happiness will, to most people, seem quite impossible.

"Her Advocate" certainly is a curious play. Stage trials are common enough, but a play that is hardly more than a dramatised case from the Newgate Calendar seems unique. One can see that Mr. Walter Pfrith, the author, has tried to broaden his piece, to rid it for some moments of its burden of criminal law; but his success is not great in these respects. Otherwise, he seems quite successful, and has, indeed, a maximum of success for the amount of ingenuity displayed. Still, taking "Her Advocate" as it stands, one must admit that it is decidedly effective, owing chiefly to the remarkable acting of Mr. C. W. Somerset. His Dr. Marshall is of startling power. In exhibition of cowardly malignance and of abject terror, I can hardly remember a parallel save in the case of Mr. Cyril Maude's performance in a play at the Shaftesbury. Moreover, the first act is an excellent piece of play-exposition; and when the curtain fell at its close, hope was full. In the next act, high-falutin' speeches jarred horribly, and the lack of character in the parts was trying. There was, however, some real humour in an elderly Irish junior, who was represented very cleverly by Mr. J. H. Barnes.

The effect of the trial, perhaps, should not be judged by a lawyer. In externals the representation was excellent; but one who knows sees in the work a curious lack of skill, for the author offers no explanation of Marshall's incredible folly in entering the witness-box—no explanation save, perhaps, madness, and madness is rarely a legitimate stage explanation. Yet I am glad to have seen the piece, for sake of the thrill caused by Mr. Somerset's acting. The part of Abinger does not fit Mr. Cartwright so well as to show this very powerful actor at his best. It can hardly be said that the charming, clever actresses in the company succeeded in making much of their few chances. The Judge of Mr. Frederick Volpe seemed to me very good, and some minor parts were well played.

MONOCLE.



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON, LEADING LADY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen, as at present arranged, is to return to Windsor Castle on Saturday, Nov. 16. Her Majesty is now in excellent health and spirits, having been benefited in every way by the change from the relaxing air of the Solent to the bracing atmosphere of Deeside. The Queen goes out in the grounds of Balmoral every morning for about an hour after breakfast in a wheel-chair, and in the afternoon her Majesty drives for a couple of hours, usually to Birkhall or Invercauld, or through the Forest of Ballochbuie. The weather has become cold and stormy on Deeside, and it seems likely that, before the middle of the month, the winter will have set in with severity, in which case it is possible that the Queen will come south a fortnight earlier than the date at present fixed for the departure of the Court from Balmoral.

Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, who is at present enjoying a well-earned holiday, returns to his apartments in the Garter Tower at Windsor Castle the beginning of next month, and will then be in attendance on the Queen until her Majesty goes to the Continent early in April. The Master of the Household has a very arduous and responsible position, but, at the same time, the emoluments of the post

Prince and Princess Christian are to return to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, the week after next. They are to be the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham during the first week in November, and, later in the month, Prince Christian will begin his annual series of shooting-parties in Windsor Great Park.

Sir Francis and Lady Knollys have left their apartments in St. James's Palace, to stay for a short time at Bath. Sir Francis will resume his duties as private secretary to the Prince of Wales when his Royal Highness returns to Sandringham.

Any doubt that we may have felt as to the moral advisability of women cycling at all must be dissipated after the great interest displayed by the Queen in the cycling efforts of Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Louise of Lorne. Once upon a time, it is said, her Majesty was dead against the practice, but she now offers no objection.

One of the most enthusiastic of feminine cyclists is Lady Archibald Campbell, who thinks more of wheeling than of feminine frivolities. Lady Campbell considers "no costume which does not admit of riding a



HUNT MEET AT MINEHEAD.

are fairly in proportion, as, besides his apartments at Windsor, he has an official residence at Osborne, rooms at Buckingham Palace, and all his abodes are furnished and maintained for him, while the salary is £1200 a-year. Lord Edward had been thirteen years a Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen when he succeeded the late Sir John Cowell in his present post, and has always been a *persona grata* at Court. The fact of his being a son of the fifth Duke of Newcastle gave him a strong claim upon the Queen's regard, as his father was one of the Prince Consort's most trusted advisers.

The Prince of Wales is expected to shoot with the Emperor of Germany in Hanover for a few days, on his way back to England. The Emperor, a year or two ago, invented a special shooting-costume for himself, and always wears it, though, from all accounts, it would hardly commend itself to English sportsmen. It consists of a grey tunic and short cloak, both garments having green facings and broad epaulettes, while tight breeches of the same colour and material are worn, with high patent-leather boots with gold spurs. This striking get-up is surmounted by a broad Tyrolese hat of grey felt with an enormous plume.

The Duke of Cambridge is expected to arrive at Newmarket next Monday, and will stay at his rooms at the Jockey Club during the week. The Duke will probably shoot Six-Mile Bottom on Tuesday and on Friday.

diamond-frame machine, and also admit of mounting and dismounting from back and front, as occasion demands, with active grace, is other than defective or absurd." It is pleasant to see ladies so enthusiastic on a pastime as to enter into its technicalities.

The Rev. W. Carlile, rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, has just issued the remarkable statement that he has made arrangements for the safe custody of bicycles while the riders are attending his services. The machines will be under the ægis of the verger in one of the vestibules of the church. This is certainly moving with the times with a vengeance. One is reluctant to hazard the opinion where cyclomania is going to end. No sport has made such rapid progress, literally.

The Hunt Ball at Minehead Town Hall the other day attracted the élite of the neighbourhood, Mrs. Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, being patroness, and Colonel Rich, R.E., Mr. Burnaby, Mr. Archer, Mr. Magor, and Mr. Guy Ward the stewards. The ball-room and corridors were effectively decorated. Several of the men wore pink, and the ladies' dresses were very smart. Next morning, the Exmoor Harriers met at the Plume of Feathers Hotel. Mr. Paramore is the popular Master. There was a very large field, and good sport, resulting in two hares being killed, was carried on over the moors and coombes to the right of the Minehead and Lynton Road. The season on Exmoor this year has been the best on record.

The "scholarly" but "fireless" Romeo, the "intensely modern" and "gloomy" Juliet, the "reserved force" Mercutio, the "gentlemanly" Friar Laurence, the "traditional" Nurse, and the various other characters, "all in a row," as a certain critic wrote of them, are, whatever may be their merits or shortcomings, drawing crowded houses just now to the Lyceum, and are likely to do so for some time to come; for one thing is certain, and that is that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the actress of the hour, and her present drawing power is greater than that of any other artist on the stage. It is very curious in this "Romeo and Juliet" connection to note how the dramatic critics are at the most severe cross-purposes, especially with regard to the Juliet. The *Times* says the lady does not even know the grammar of her art; the *Morning Post* seems to have found a heaven-born exponent of the part; the *Telegraph* humorously condemns the performance, declining to accept it for a moment; and, while the *Observer* is quite unable to find words to praise, the *Referee* seems to find none to condemn. Some critics appear puzzled, some half-hearted. The critic of the *Daily Graphic* seems hardly able to use his ordinary supply of superlatives, while the *Star* gentleman's critique, to parody a recent phrase of his own, "is not criticism; it is a little, lukewarm gush of praise." To my surprise, I find the *Pall Mall* rapturous, while the *World*, which I had anticipated would be in that mood, sums up dead against the new Juliet in a really admirable piece of criticism. To conclude, some find Mrs. Pat a girl all through, and others object to the maturity of her looks. Some are delighted with her charming sprightliness, while I note that my colleague of *The Sketch* considers the lady's reading a "gloomy" one. Never can I recall so many diverse opinions of a player's performance. Doubtless they will all tend to keep up the "big biz." to which I have referred.

Talking of theatrical matters reminds me of a funny story told by a member of the Lyceum company the other day. In the gallery of a certain theatre was posted the notice of a *matinée*. Said one "god" to another, "What's a 'marteenee,' Bill?" "A 'marteenee'?" "Wull, I don't quite know; but I think it's the French for a amator performance."

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has, as noted last week, joined the great battalion of bicyclists. The times, of course, have changed, I know, and yet it somewhat startles me to find romantic Romeo in unromantic Battersea. Seeing, however, that he has gone that length, I would



THE NEW ROMEO.—DRAWN BY WALTER WILSON.

humbly suggest that our new Romeo and his Juliet, Mrs. Campbell, might go in for a bicycle made for two. That would be the apotheosis of romance.

Lord Wolseley has always been very select in the circle of his acquaintanceship, and, for this reason, has often been considered proud. But, when free from official affairs, no one can be more amiable or

friendly. I used to see a good deal of the new Commander-in-Chief when he was living in the outskirts of Guildford, the county town of Surrey. He then employed a good deal of his time in writing his "Life of Marlborough," which, I may say, gave considerable trouble to the printers, by reason of the numerous corrections inserted in the proofs. I fancy there were as many as four revises submitted to his lordship before he passed the book for press. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but in the hand most familiar with the latter it is an awkward instrument to wield. Lord Wolseley's style cannot be considered easy, for there is too much evidence of interpolation. Lady Wolseley is a very charming hostess, and Miss Wolseley is as much interested in literature as her father. Her special hobby used to be the collection of book-plates.

If anyone wants an object-lesson in cleanliness, I should strongly recommend him to visit the great lighthouse on the North Foreland, which, as all mariners know, stands between Broadstairs and Kingsgate, "plain for all eyes to see." Inside and out, it is the very pink of perfection in the way of neatness and cleanness. The whiteness of the paint on its outside is simply dazzling in the sunshine; the whitewash on its inside rivals the whiteness of the paint. The wood-work is polished to an extent that would make a good housemaid green with envy; while as to the brass, one ought really to wear blue glasses to look at it. All these very commendable qualities are, however, but superficial—the brightness and the whiteness are but on the surface. There is a greater interest attaching to the big white building on the Foreland than that which would be aroused in the breast of an enthusiastic housewife. This is one of the most important lighthouses on our coasts, and for its head-keeper it is, I believe, almost the plum of the service, for it is crowded with visitors all through the summer months; and those who regale themselves with the strangely contorted figure of the custodian, seen through the glass prisms, while he tells them interesting facts concerning his charge, those who see his head elongated like a vast vegetable-marrow, note his foot extended to almost a yard, and his fingers which could stretch, not a mere octave, but, one would say, almost the whole keyboard of a "grand," can surely not have the face to leave the building without offering some slight token to the obliging gentleman who has been pleased to show them such extraordinary phenomena.

The North Foreland Lighthouse is, of course, equipped with every modern improvement, and those who imagine that a lighthouse is merely a building containing a lamp, which warns only, but gives no information to the mariner as to his whereabouts, will be quite undeceived on paying a visit to this great lamp, which sheds on ocean, for a distance of at least twenty miles, the light of more than fifteen thousand candles.

It will be news to nearly every reader that the Metropolis has narrowly missed a very new departure in the theatrical world—a piece constructed round a bull-fight. The absolute bull-fighting would have been passed over very quickly, but it would have been perfectly real. A company of *toreros* had been consulted, and had agreed to come over for the winter, when the *fiesta de toros* is impossible in Spain. Of course, there could have been no killing, but there might have been sufficient sport to rouse an English interest in taumachy. Then we should have Earl's Court, the Crystal Palace, and the Agricultural Hall guarded by soldiers, a big correspondence by the shrieking sisterhood in the daily papers, while the great bull-fighters would come as far as Dover, Folkestone, or Newhaven, and be forbidden to land. Unfortunately, at the last moment, difficulties arose, and it was decided to abandon the idea. What a grand change bull-fighting would offer Sir Augustus Harris for one of his autumn shows at Drury Lane!



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY.

Turning over my ample collection of old play-bills and concert programmes, I came across something of interest at the present moment, the full programme of the Leeds Musical Festival for 1874. The conductor of the orchestra was Mr. Michael Costa; the principal first violin was Prosper Sainton, a considerable number of whose colleagues are, happily, still living, and actively engaged in musical work; and among the solo vocalists were Mr. Sims Reeves (who, though now in his seventies, has married again, and is contemplating an Antipodean tour), the lamented Teresa Titiens, Madame Patey, and Madame Trebelli; Signor Campanini, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. In truth, a goodly company.

The programme presented in 1874 was not marked by any striking novelty, the chief works performed being "St. Paul" and the "Hymn of Praise," a selection from "Israel in Egypt," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Professor George Macfarren's oratorio "St. John the Baptist," "The Messiah," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" (which is being given this year), and Henry Smart's cantata "The Bride of Dunkerron." The programmes of the miscellaneous concerts bear what we should nowadays consider a very old-fashioned look, consisting, as they did, largely of operatic show-pieces.

Friends of the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, have for some time recognised the dramatic promise shown by his daughter, Miss Maimie Mackenzie, and that clever young lady has now joined the company of Mr. Ben Greet, who enjoys a great reputation as a fosterer of histrionic talent.

Miss Marie Lloyd, like other famous people before her, has a name-sake of less distinction. A Mdle. Marie Lloyd, who carried off an important prize at the Paris Conservatoire some little time back, has been engaged by M. Carvalho, and is to make her debut as an operatic artist under favourable circumstances. What will our own Maaari say to this?

The undaunted Mr. H. J. Leslie, formerly of the Lyric Theatre, has latterly devoted his energies as an impresario to enterprises "on the other side." That he has not lost faith in the light operas associated with him as a London theatrical manager is made clear by the fact of his having organised the Leslie Opera Company for a tour of the principal cities of the United States, with a repertory consisting of "Dorothy," "Doris," and "The Red Hussar." He is starting in October, and means to do everything on a large scale.

Man's capabilities for positive wickedness are amazingly extensive. A young man of my acquaintance, who is proud to think that he has reached years of discretion without having ever crossed the threshold of a playhouse, went to the Indian Exhibition the other night, and gladdened his heart by listening to "An Artist's Model" through a phonophone. His case is typical of a not inconsiderable section of good but timid people.

Just now and then you'll find some men
Whose views grow glum and glummer;
They think a play is far too gay,
And hate the merry mummer.
'Tis true their creeds bless German Reeds',
A show or diorama,
A nigger troupe; they never stoop
To see theatric drama.

And yet, although such folk, you know,
Are strict and orthodox,
Pray recollect they don't object
To see the stage by proxy;
They hold bazaars where footlight stars
Sing songs from "Maritana,"
Or do a dance (to aid finance
In some remote Zenana).

They will not fail to read the tale
Of saucy Mistress Trilby;
Yet A. won't dare to see her bare
The tootsies that will thrill B.
They will not see our Beerbohm Tree
Impersonate Svengali;
And if Miss Baird embraced the Laird
These folks would bid her Vale.

When Conscience sleeps, they have their peeps
At matters histrionic;
They cannot gaze, yet hear they plays
By system phonophonic.
By this device (at trifling price)
Through many plays you'll gambol;
And ne'er have sinned in hearing Lind
Or Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

We were talking the other day of sweepstakes, and more particularly of the great sweep of the Calcutta Turf Club, the first prize of which is, I believe, about £15,000, while its third amounts to £5000. In the good old days the prizes were of even greater value, the first being worth some £20,000, and an Anglo-Indian told us a curious story with regard to it. Many years ago, the wife of a Penang gentleman dreamed a dream, and dreamed it three times in succession, and in each vision a certain number of many figures was the number of the winner. So impressed was the lady, that she persuaded her husband to send the subscription (five pounds), and ask for the number in question, if not

already appropriated. In due course—and due course was a long time, for those were the days of sailing vessels—a cheque for the equivalent of £20,000 in rupees reached the inferior half of this dreamer of dreams. Her vision was verified. Then the husband put the money into nutmeg plantations, which prospered exceedingly. He came to England, cut a dash, married off his daughters, and settled a fine annual income on each. But either the nutmegs failed, or he was swindled—I forget which—and so he was obliged to return to the East, where he contrived to make enough to pay his daughters' incomes, but had very little for his own wants, and no second dream came to help to build up a second fortune.

Some folks are never tired of telling us how the great novelists of a few decades ago are things of the past—are wiped out and done with by the brilliant creatures of to-day. I cannot say that, personally, I have ever been persuaded to accept this view, and I believe that Scott, Dickens, Charles Reade, and others I could mention, are firmly established in the heart of the English people. The other day, I had the opinion of a rough fisherman on novels and novelists, and was, I confess, surprised as well as gratified by his remarks. Said this "toiler of the sea" to me, as we were hauling in a fine supply of whiting, "Did you ever read a book, sir, by Victor Hugo, called 'The Man Who Laughs'?" I confessed that I had, and asked him if he had read the great Frenchman. "Yes," was his reply; "every book of his that I could get; they're what I call novels—there's human nature in them. I can't abide them up-to-date tales, where the folks are always huntin' for their feelin's and put 'em on the paper and look at 'em through a telescope." My friend thought that Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" and "Griffith Gaunt" would take a deal of beatin', in which sentiment our literary knight, Sir Walter Besant, will, I fancy, agree. He had been a "big bit of a reader," he said, and began with Captain Marryat when quite a lad, and was equally at home with Scott and Dickens. I hope there are many of the component parts of the "backbone of the country" who hold the same opinions and are as good critics as my fisherman friend.

The two excellent illustrations of hop-picking in last week's *Sketch* reminds a correspondent of a journey into Kent which he made in the same train with a large number of the pickers about a month ago. "I have seldom," he says, "seen so dirty-looking a lot of men, women, and children. I have no word to say against their usefulness or industry, but oh! that they were better fitted for an advertisement for some of our soap-manufacturers. A few of the girls looked a little clean, and had tried to be cheaply fashionable in their attire, but the squalidness of the bulk was something appalling. At a distance they were hardly picturesque; but when at one station—I think it was Faversham—they overflowed their own class, and were drafted into a better one, it really was a little too trying, especially as the day was hot, and the pickers, to use a mild children's phrase, were more than a little 'niffy.' I really think the railway company might provide sufficient third-classes at these seasons. The pickers are doubtless most admirable and deserving, but, in this case, distance lends enchantment, and that not only to the view. However, they all seemed very jolly with the prospect of their outing, and even a tall, bony female, in the dirtiest of costumes, and with 'two lovely black eyes,' seemed quite unaffected by the unsavouriness of her garb, or by her much-discoloured optics."

In our interview with Dr. Jabez Hogg, an error crept in, we regret to say. It is pointed out and corrected by Mr. John Latey, editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, whose late father's long and loyal services to the *Illustrated London News* remain among the most cherished traditions in the office of that great paper—

In my old friend Dr. Hogg's interesting reminiscences in *The Sketch* I observe a mistake, which I am sure he must have made inadvertently. Well acquainted as Dr. Hogg was with my lamented father, Mr. John Lash Latey, I cannot tell how he came to say that it was the late Mr. John Timbs who succeeded Dr. Charles Mackay as literary editor of the *Illustrated London News*. As a matter of fact, Mr. Timbs resigned the assistant-editorship about the same time as Dr. Mackay gave up the editorship—in 1858. It was then that the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P., appointed Mr. Latey editor of the *Illustrated London News*, which post he held almost to the day of his death.

What is "a literary blackleg"? According to Mr. Robert Sherard, it is a reviewer, a man who is hired by newspaper proprietors to write down "innovators." A "literary blackleg" is also a successful author who reads manuscripts for a publisher. "These literary blacklegs," says Mr. Sherard, "are so-called men of letters, and should be with us, but prefer to be Ishmaels, with one hand against the authors and the other hand extended for the coppers of those who are not the friends of men of letters." From this it appears that you cannot be a reviewer without being an Ishmael, that no newspaper proprietor ever befriends men of letters, that a successful author—say, George Meredith or James Payn—who reads for a publisher is a "blackleg," and also, in the elegant diction of Mr. Sherard, a "public spittoon." The "blacklegs" "stalk untarred and unfeathered," and Mr. Sherard proposes that a "black book," containing their names and addresses, should be carried by every honest author, who will then know the company he ought to kick. And, if anybody thinks all this is rather extravagant, Mr. Sherard is prepared to give him satisfaction at the Authors' Club, 3, Whitehall Court, S.W. Scientific inquirers into mental aberration will probably make an early call.



CUPID.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

Apropos of the recent betrothal of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the young Duke of Marlborough, our contemporary, the *Album*, gives a supplement with its issue of Oct. 7 containing some excellent portraits of American ladies who have married members of the British aristocracy. One of these photographs we are allowed to reproduce as a sample of the contents of this interesting supplement. The portrait of Lady Terence Blackwood will be of special interest to the numerous friends of the

Positive assertions on this momentous subject are numerous, and contradictions are fast and furious. Mr. Chamberlain certainly laughs often. His heartiest burst of mirth came in the middle of a very amusing speech from his son. Young Mr. C. stood up in his place behind his father. As the fun proceeded, Mr. C. senior grew red in the face with suppressed hilarity. At last he broke into a peal; so did the House. Mr. Gladstone, who took an affectionate interest in young



Photo by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

LADY TERENCE BLACKWOOD, NÉE MISS DAVIS.

FROM THE SUPPLEMENT TO "THE ALBUM," "AMERICAN LADIES IN ENGLISH SOCIETY," PUBLISHED OCT. 7.

Marquis of Dufferin's family. Among other American brides whose photographs are reproduced in the *Album*, we may mention the Hon. Mrs. G. N. Curzon—who, by the way, is now residing at Lady Henry Somerset's charming house, the Priory, Reigate—Lady Naylor-Leyland; Amy, Lady Coleridge; and Lady William Beresford.

Controversy rages over Mr. Chamberlain's Parliamentary habits. Does he ever wear a hat in the House? Does he ever laugh or sleep?

Mr. C., laughed too. On a more famous occasion Mr. Chamberlain was seen to weep. In the middle of a fiery reply to the Member for West Birmingham, Mr. Gladstone paid young Mr. C. a really beautiful compliment. The father, who had been listening with a lowering brow, was suddenly melted; he flushed deeply, acknowledged the compliment to his son with a very low bow, and then wiped the tears from his eyes. It was one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in the House of Commons.

The death of Mr. Charles Leclercq, following upon that of Miss Carlotta Leclercq, thins the ranks of that famous theatrical family whose sire, Charles Leclercq the elder, won reputation in his day as ballet-master and pantomimist. The actor whose decease is now recorded had been for years connected with Mr. Augustin Daly's company, and he was over here with them as recently as this summer, playing Panthino



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and Quince in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Happily, we have still among us that fine actress of *grandes dames*, Miss Rose Leclercq, whose son, Mr. Fuller Mellish, has gone to America with the Lyceum company; and another member of the family is Mr. Pierre Leclercq, who has latterly desisted from his ambitious attempts at play-writing.

The sympathy of a very large circle of journalistic and theatrical friends has gone out to the widow of the late Mr. Cecil Howard, whose urbanity of manner and easy flow of conversation had made him widely popular in artistic London. To all appearance hale and vigorous, with his broad shoulders and still erect and military figure, Cecil Howard might have been expected to live to a good old age, and yet my very last chat with him, towards the middle of August, had a melancholy ring about it. Though he had then just returned from a holiday, he complained of not feeling fit, a fact which he attributed to the hot weather, and added that his heart did not seem quite right. Of course, in the case of a big, heavy, full-blooded man, such as he was, the heart had to get through a great deal of work.

Much has been said lately of Cecil Howard's service as a lad in the Crimean War, and of his subsequent experiences in South Africa, but it is as a journalist that he had been known in London for years past, during which time he had contributed to many influential papers. From a pretty long knowledge of Mr. Howard, I am inclined to think that he did his best work as a critic when writing under pressure. Perhaps he accomplished his most valuable labours as an annalist in connection with "Dramatic Notes." He had latterly gained success in a new field, as a lecturer, with his pleasantly told reminiscences of bygone entertainments.

Madame Modjeska has accepted a costume-play relating to an actress of the days of George II. It is to be called "Mistress Betty," and is from the pen of Clyde Fitch, the American dramatist, who wrote "Beau Brummel" for Richard Mansfield, and collaborated in the authorship of "Gossip," the Society piece with which Mrs. Langtry has lately been touring. That lady's celebrated private car, which she used on her American journeys, is said to have been disposed of for a large sum to Madame Hermann, wife of the wizard of that name.

Miss Vane Featherston has added another to her successes, by her creation of the part of the fisher-girl in "The Swordsman's Daughter," at the Adelphi, at the same time making her début in melodrama, and being awarded a rôle hardly second to that of Miss Millward. She created the part of Mrs. Basildon in "An Ideal Husband," at the Haymarket, and also undertook the rôle of Lady Markby when that piece

moved to the Criterion. Miss Featherston is a Londoner, and a very talented young actress, with the very broadest dramatic views and sympathies, reminding one strongly, both in face and manner, of Mrs. Kendal. She was educated first at Brighton and then in Paris, and it was while she was at school in the city of "mirth and song" that she became stage-struck, though, at the time, she had hardly entered her teens. Still, she never studied with a view to becoming a professional, though she very gladly accepted an offer, made her as soon as she returned to London, to appear at the old Olympic Theatre. That engagement coincided exactly with her ambitions, for it was only to "walk on," and it was her wish to mount the ladder of fame from its very lowest rung. Then she was known as Miss Vane, but she soon decided to adopt her own name, or, to be quite correct, part of it, for Featherstonhaugh was considered too long for stage usages. It is now some ten years since she became a popular *ingénue* in London, when she signed her first engagement with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and played Edith Marsland in "The Private Secretary," at the Globe, and she was subsequently seen in all the plays given there during that manager's tenancy. However, at the termination of her first engagement she was most reluctantly compelled to leave, having accepted the principal part in the Liverpool pantomime, but, as soon as the Christmas festivities were over, she returned to her old place in Mr. Hawtrey's company, but this time at the Comedy. From there she went to the Trafalgar Square Theatre, where she made a hit as Daisy Armitage in "Tom, Dick, and Harry," and a little later on was seen at

the Avenue in "The Awakening," a play which, to use her own words, "was most delightful, but, for some wonderful reason, a complete financial failure." Then she journeyed still further West, and spent some time at the Court, her latest creation there being in "The Cape Mail." Then she went to Folkestone for a special engagement in "Hamlet," after which she joined Mr. Lal Brough, his clever son Sydney, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Charles Groves, for a holiday tour, on which they gave a sort of triple bill of plays, songs, and readings. Miss Featherston's delightful "Afternoon-Tea Recitals" in the Queen's Hall last autumn (for the benefit of various charities) will be well remembered, and she has been urged by her patrons to repeat them as soon as she can spare the time. She lives in a delightful house close to Portland Place, her own particular "den" being a charmingly artistic room, divided by a portière, and absolutely crowded with old china, pictures, bronzes, and all sorts of bric-à-brac and articles of "bigotry and virtue," and furnished with marquetry and Oriental rugs—indeed, with everything that is dear to the heart of a woman of culture.



MISS VANE FEATHERSTON.

Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Baker Street, W.

"THE CHILI WIDOW," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photographs by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

Everyone will be glad that in "The Chili Widow" the popular young manager Mr. Arthur Bouchier seems to have a success. To start with trumps is not everybody's lot, and one hopes that Mr. George Alexander's beginning with "Dr. Bill" will prove a precedent for the daring tenant of the Royalty. By now all the world knows something about the fascinating Gladys de la Casa y Gualés who startles the Home Office by sitting, at a critical moment, upon the four pneumatic bells that decorate the table of philandering Sir Reginald Delamere. Only, however, those who have seen the piece will understand the humour of the statue of Britannia which Sir Reginald's *custos morum*, Macpherson, turns face to the wall whenever his master's lady visitors seem people whose proceedings the lady who decorates our copper coins ought not to countenance. Of the comic effects in the piece, some of the most successful are due to the ever-popular Mr. Blakeley, in the part of Mr. Crabbe, the Brillat-Savarin of the Home Office, whose chief qualification for the post of Commissioner in Ireland is his gift for making a ravishing caramel. His qualification, no doubt, equals that of Mr. Martindale, the merits of whom are a pig-headed obstinacy and the possession of a fascinating sister-in-law—Gladys, &c., Gualés. It is remarkable that Martindale's qualities were sufficient, seeing that to counterbalance them he had a mother-in-law as amusing



THE CHILI WIDOW AND SIR REGINALD DELAMERE.

"Of the greatest importance."

to all the world as direful to him. Perhaps his charming cook, Miss Honor Bliss, is a set-off even to such a *belle maman* as Miss Larkin. What is most admirable in "The Chili Widow" is the scene in the first act, where Gladys, pretending to be Mrs. Martindale, coaxes the susceptible Sir Reginald into a gross abuse of patronage. It is really remarkable to see how the tact and skill of Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Mr. Arthur Bouchier converted what might have been, in other hands, a broadly comic scene, into one of pure light comedy, and lifted it to a higher level of art and kept it there. It has, indeed, but one drawback: it makes such matter as the bicyclette costume of Mrs. Jeffreys appear rather heavy-handed humour—perhaps heavy-handed is an inexact term. It seems a strange turn of the wheel which brings success to the little Dean Street theatre, where so many hearts have been broken and purses emptied since it saw the birth of "Charley's Aunt," a play that might have been mentioned with the "Dr. Bill" omen. Yet it must not be pretended that the success is a matter of luck; it is due to the cleverness of the adaptation by Messrs. Arthur Bouchier and Alfred Sutro, and to the wise engagement of a company which, in addition to the clever people already named, contains charming Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and such capital players as Messrs. Cosmo Stuart, Ernest Hendrie, Mark King-horne, and Miss Kate Phillips.



MACPHERSON (MR. MARK KINGHORN), AND THE CHILI WIDOW (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH).

MACPHERSON: *Ha, but she's a bonny lassie!*



MRS. JEFFREYS (MISS SOPHIE LARKIN), AND SIR REGINALD DELAMERE (MR. BOURCHIER).

MRS. JEFFREYS: *Just look at your Mount of Venus.*

“THE CHILI WIDOW,” AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photographs by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.



O'DWYER, M.P. (MR. HENDRIE), AND MARTINDALE (MR. W. DALE).
MARTINDALE : *And pocketed three lumps of sugar.*



CRABBE (MR. WILLIAM BLAKELEY).
CRABBE : *The most delicious caramel you ever tasted.*



MRS. JEFFREYS AND MARTINDALE.
MARTINDALE : *Ah, I'd like to shake you !*



MRS. JEFFREYS AND HONOR BLISS (MISS KATE PHILLIPS).
MRS. JEFFREYS : *Marry 'Enery and perpetuate my name.*

JOHN BULL ON THE STAGE.

A CHAT WITH MR. C. P. LITTLE.

John Bull is a dull dog (traditionally), and no one can imitate him on the stage so well as Mr. C. P. Little, who has made such parts in "The Pantomime Rehearsal," "Marriage," "The Case of Rebellious Susan,"



MR. C. P. LITTLE, IN "MARRIAGE."
Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

"The Ladies' Idol," and several other popular plays. Mr. Little, who is but a babe as far as "the profession" is concerned, has set up his household gods in one of the quaintest and quietest corners off Cavendish Square. His pretty, old-fashioned study is full of artistic treasures.

"No, I cannot claim to have served an arduous stage-apprenticeship," he remarked, smiling, to a *Sketch* representative; "I had only acted twice with The Strolling Players when I had the good fortune to be offered the part of Jack Deeds in 'The Pantomime Rehearsal.' I have always been devoted to music, and you will remember that the part is essentially a musical one?"

"Then it was as Jack Deeds that you made your first bow to the public?"

"Oh no, in a very different character, and under what were, to me, profoundly trying and mournful circumstances. I began by being understudy to the actor then taking the part of Jack Deeds; and in the company was my great friend, Augustus Yorke, who created the Sir Charles

Grandison of the clever little play. On Monday afternoon, when I got to my room, after spending the previous night in the country, I was told I must go to the theatre at once, as Mr. Yorke had been severely burnt the previous night, and I should have to take his part. I drove to the theatre, sat down in the green-room, studied the rôle, and played it the same night; but I shall never forget as long as I live what I felt when the orchestra ceased playing, and I realised the moment had really come for my first appearance. Poor Yorke," he added, after a pause, "lingered for a week, and then died."

"Would you recommend a beginner to accept or seek the part of understudy?"

"Yes, if he cannot get anything better. But I do not speak from experience, for, as you know, I was almost immediately put in the bill, and, when 'The Pantomime Rehearsal' moved to the Court Theatre, I played in each item of the 'Triple Bill.' I consider my first real hit was made at a *matinée* performance of 'Marriage.' Of course, it is

hard at work, I remember. The dress-rehearsal of 'Marriage' lasted from 11 a.m. to long past midnight."

"And what do you think of the Conservatoire system?"

"There is something to be said in its favour; but, to my thinking, experience will always remain the best teacher."

"Do you range yourself on the side of the Ibsenites?"

"By no means; but I, of course, acknowledge Ibsen as a great dramatist. Indeed, I do not see how any impartial critic can doubt that the man who wrote 'The Doll's House' is a master playwright. Still, I have little sympathy with those plays which read better than they act."

"But isn't it impossible to tell when a play will or will not 'catch on'?"

"Indeed it is, and even the most astute actor-manager would be the first to admit it. For instance, during the dress-rehearsal of 'Rebellious Susan,' we none of us thought the play would be a success. It is impossible to gauge public taste. It is clear that playgoers want to be amused, and that people go more to the theatre than they once did; but only practical experience can tell us what they wish to see when they get there. Just now, there is a great future for even moderately clever playwrights, for there is a dearth of authors. I cannot help thinking that good novels might, more often than they are, be dramatised with success. Such a story as 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' should make a splendid play."

"Do you enjoy taking part in a long run?"

"Well, of course, long runs are very satisfactory from the box-office point of view. But I think they are somewhat trying to the cast, unless the part is exceptionally bright and interesting. I never got tired of 'The Pantomime Rehearsal.'"

"And are you yourself a quick study?"

"Yes, I am very fortunate in this matter. For instance, I learnt twenty-six pages of music as well as the dialogue of the title-rôle of 'Pickwick' in four days, when it was produced at the Trafalgar Theatre by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. I thoroughly enjoyed playing that part."

"Do you attach much importance to scenery and make-up?"

"Rather!" and my host's face lit up. "I am a perfect enthusiast where costume and make-up are concerned. I take immense pains with every detail. For instance, I am now playing the part of a Frenchman, Maurice Meurice, in 'All Abroad'; well, nearly everything I wear while on the stage is of French manufacture, from my hat to my shoes, from my gloves to my studs. As you probably know, middle-class Frenchmen never wear links, but always solitaire studs, in their cuffs. I need not tell you how thoroughly I enjoyed making up for 'Pickwick.' I copied every detail of the costume from the first edition of the story," and rising, Mr. Little brought me the quaint round gold spectacles, specially made for him to wear in the part. "In 'The Case of Rebellious Susan' I appeared as myself," he added, smiling. "Mr. Henry Arthur Jones wished me to do so, but from every point of view I prefer to thoroughly transform my appearance when taking a new part. You see, wigs are so light nowadays and so beautifully made that it is no trouble to wear them, and I think one acts better when one looks a part."

"I believe, Mr. Little, that you are well known to the merry multitudes who frequent fancy-dress balls?"

"Yes, I admit I enjoy 'dressing up' for its own sake. I was awarded the forty-guinea prize at the second Covent Garden Ball for my rendering of Pears' well-known advertisement, 'You Dirty Boy.' On another occasion I obtained a silver tea-service for my 'Long Eliza' costume, and this liqueur-stand," he continued, "in exchange for my personification of an Indian idol. Now, they handicap me in every possible way, and I only put in an appearance for the honour and glory of the thing."



AS SIR LEWIS GREY IN "THE GAIETY GIRL."
Photo by Lydell Sanger, Newcastle.



AS MAURICE MEURICE, ACT II., "ALL ABROAD."
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



AS MAURICE MEURICE, ACT I., "ALL ABROAD."
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

impossible to overestimate the part played by the stage-manager in the training of a beginner. I myself owe immensely to Brandon Thomas, who stage-managed both 'The Pantomime Rehearsal' and also 'Marriage,' when this latter piece was produced at the Court Theatre some time after it had been first played. I need hardly point out that the stage-manager must know his business before he can attempt to teach others. Mr. Brandon Thomas was simply splendid, but he kept us

"Is it true that you mean to follow in Corney Grain's footsteps?"

"Well, not exactly; but I have always enjoyed giving entertainments, and Mr. Austey wrote me a very amusing sketch, which I have frequently given with great success. I am devoted to music, and I read anything at first sight. Though I know nothing of harmony, I have composed several waltzes and gavottes, and I am always happy when sitting at a piano, so I may some day give up more time to musical monologue work."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OUT FOR THE DAY.



— W. O. WEN —

A HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE.

ANGLER : You'll be stiff to-morrow, Donald, after your long pull.

DONALD (*thinking of the "Glenlivet"*) : Nay, mon, ye lubricated it sae fine.



ANOTHER SCOTCH ROMANCE.

"Jenny, love, will you marry me? it'll be just as cheap."



LADY : And what has been the matter with your daughter ?

OLD MAN : Well, Mum, she 's had browntitus [bronchitis] and pennymona [pneumonia] ; that 'ere complaint what the gentlefolk have.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE GIRL AT LAKE LINCOLN.

BY LEONARD MERRICK.

A young Englishman was sitting in the hall of the Palmer House, Chicago, gnawing his moustache. He was a journalist, and a week ago no less a personage than the editor of the *Chanticleer* had offered to consider a series of articles from his pen if he could hit on a new idea. He had been cudgelling his brains ever since. "A new idea?" He must certainly find it—a new idea!

The hot hall was full, as usual, with the hotel visitors, and those who, like Charlie Bartlett, were merely availing themselves of a free lounge. All the red velvet chairs were occupied, and the big black-and-white squares of the marble floor, dotted with vase-shaped, scarlet spittoons, rang with the footsteps of the people streaming to and fro between the doors. He watched the crowd musingly. He contemplated a pretty woman coming down the staircase, and the youth at the cable-counter, and the boy behind the bookstall. None of these objects of his scrutiny assisted his meditations, though the pretty woman was less unprofitable than the rest. Then he wiped the perspiration from his face, and bought a newspaper.

Scanning the sheets, he saw an advertisement that suggested possibilities, and he read it through again. It ran thus—

INTEMPERANCE.—Refined Home for a limited number of patients of both sexes suffering from stimulants, chloral, or the morphia habit. Judicious supervision. Luxury and recreations. Highest references.—For prospectus and particulars, Dr. Ferguson, The Retreat, Lake Lincoln.

The life in such a place ought to furnish very good "copy" indeed. The "patients of both sexes" should make a peculiarly interesting study. "I think," said Charlie Bartlett to himself, "I think I may cry 'Eureka.' The thing hasn't been done, and I'll drop a line to the worthy doctor this afternoon."

He wrote as "a victim to alcohol." He said that he wished to place himself under a firm, restraining influence. Fearing, however, that if he were at all bored his recovery might be retarded, he would be glad to hear how many ladies and gentlemen were at present residing under Dr. Ferguson's roof.

The reply, which came by return of post, was satisfactory. The terms were very little higher than he had expected them to be, and the establishment contained twenty patients, of whom eight were ladies. Should he decide to avail himself of the care and attention offered, Dr. Ferguson would be pleased to learn when his arrival might be looked for. It was a plain, straightforward letter, and Charlie answered it immediately, announcing that he would present himself at "The Retreat" on the next day but one. He was now in quite a complacent frame of mind, and he felt that the editor of the *Chanticleer* would be very agreeably surprised by-and-by.

Lake Lincoln was a little over an hour's run from the city, and when the train deposited Bartlett at the platform, he found that "The Retreat" was well known. A porter pointed the roof out to him across a clump of trees. The investigator arranged that his portmanteau should be brought across without delay, and made his way to the house, whistling.

Dr. Ferguson welcomed him cordially.

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Bartlett," he said; "I guess you will not regret your step, sir. I guess, if you are in earnest, sir, we shall soon have overcome the propensity complained of."

"You are very good," responded Charlie, with something like a blush; "I hope you are right. I shall do my best to assist you, I promise."

Certain interrogatories followed, for which he was partially prepared. Among other things, he was asked how long he had been a victim to the habit, and, remembering that his appearance did not resemble a confirmed drunkard's, he was careful to say that it was only for a short time. He passed the examination, he told himself afterwards, with honours. And then the Doctor rang for the coloured servant to show him to the bedroom allotted to him, and warned him that he must not feel offended at his "baggage" being examined when it was delivered, in order that it might be seen whether any spirits were secreted in it.

"It's like the Customs," he said, "that's all. One of our necessary 'customs'!" He made the same joke to everybody in the first interview. Some patients laughed, and some smiled wryly. Charlie laughed, and the Doctor was pretty sure that nothing was being smuggled this time.

"I am allowed to smoke, I suppose?"

"Why, certainly," said Dr. Ferguson. "You are at liberty to do whatever you choose here, sir—all but the one thing, and don't you forget it. We take supper at six, Mr. Bartlett, and afterwards it is pleasant, summer evenings, in the grounds."

Charlie went up to his room, and made himself comfortable on the couch with a pipe and a novel. Presently a gong sounded, and he descended with curiosity.

It might have been a "spa" hotel, he decided, as he seated himself at the table, and the suggestion grew stronger as the meal proceeded. Everybody here appeared to find the same delight in dwelling on his symptoms. A man next him, sipping Apollinaris, turned and remarked, "No craving to-day—this is the third day without any craving, sir."

Wonderful!" A woman opposite groaned audibly, and shook her head at her neighbour with a world of significance. "Low," she said, in a whisper, "mighty low! How are you, dear?" This patient, he subsequently learnt, was suffering from the deprivation of her chloral.

Gazing about him, his view was met by a girl who could scarcely have been more than five-and-twenty years of age. Her pale face was extremely interesting, and her beauty, in conjunction with her youth and the situation, made her a pathetic figure to behold. He wondered for what particular vice she was being treated, and if she would be cured. He hoped he would be introduced to her later.

The hope was fulfilled. They were made known to each other by Dr. Ferguson in the garden—"Mr. Bartlett, Miss Vancouver." She smiled graciously.

"How do you do?" she said. "I suppose you're already wishing you hadn't come?"

He refrained from the cheap compliment, and merely answered that it was not so. "Why should I be?" he asked.

"The beginning is so bad for most of us," she said. "I cried the whole of the first night. But I am getting better now, am I not, doctor?"

"You are being a very good girl," averred the physician. "We shall send you back to your friends, one of these fine days." The lady who had groaned at dinner came up to him with some complaint, and Bartlett and Miss Vancouver moved away together.

"May I," murmured Charlie, "if it isn't indiscreet—? But perhaps I oughtn't to ask."

"What am I here for, do you mean?" she said, turning her big eyes on him frankly. "Oh, my trouble is morphia—I'm a morphomaniac; what's yours?"

"Er—drink," he said bashfully. "But I'm not a very bad case, you know; I've put myself under restraint early."

"Oh!" she said. She laid her hand on his arm as if by a sudden impulse. "Don't you crave?" she whispered. "Aren't you burning to be at it? Tell me all."

"I should enjoy a little whisky, certainly," he admitted. "And how about yourself? You are getting over the—er—weakness, you say?"

"I said," she replied, with a shrug; "that was to him. Don't you believe it! I'm hopeless, that's what I am; nothing will ever cure me. He thinks I am getting on, and I'm quiet, and I deceive him; but when I'm out—"

"You will do it again?"

"Oh," she gasped, "I'd love it! I'd love it this minute—now. Haven't you ever tried it? It's beautiful! Don't let us talk about it. Talk about something else, quick! Tell me the fascination of whisky; I can't understand that."

So he explained to her, as well as he could, being a temperate young man, the fascination of getting intoxicated on whisky, and she listened with avidity. Then their conversation drifted into pleasanter channels, and he discovered that, her passion apart, she was a singularly bright and intellectual companion. They spoke of Howells' books, of the latest play at Hooley's Theatre—which she had seen, only having been in "The Retreat" a month. They discussed a variety of topics, from literature to lawn tennis, and said "Good-night" at last, with the arrangement that they should make up a match on the following afternoon, a couple of decent courts being among the Doctor's "recreations."

In one way and another, Bartlett found himself in Miss Vancouver's society a great deal during the next few days. Primarily, he thought it was because she was able to supply him with so much material for the "series"—she was acquainted with the details of every inmate's case—but by degrees he was forced to own that it was because he liked her. Strange as it may sound—as it did sound to Bartlett—she attracted him, no longer as good "copy," but as a girl.

After their earliest parley, she had seldom mentioned her temptations, nor did she often question him now about his own, and, when these subjects were tabooed, he frequently forgot that she was a morphomaniac altogether, and chatted with her as gaily as if they were both visitors at the Palmer House or the Auditorium. It was only as his interest in her deepened that the painful fact constantly oppressed him, and then he came to the conclusion that she was occupying his thoughts much more than was desirable, and he determined to bring his investigations to a close.

He told her one morning that his stay was terminating.

"I have been here three weeks, and I have not tasted a drop of whisky the whole time," he said. "If I can do without it for three weeks, I can do without it always. Miss Vancouver, I am cured."

She gazed at him sadly.

"I hope so," she said; "but I never yet heard of so quick a cure. Have you spoken to the Doctor?"

"I intend to do so," replied Charlie. "Anyhow, I have not been placed here—I can leave whenever I like."

They were in the garden as usual; Miss Vancouver was lying in a hammock. She had a white dress on, and her hair was ruffled by the cushion and the breeze. He thought he had never seen her look so charming, so subversive to his common sense. Her dark eyes were regretful, almost tender.

"Shan't I go?" he said.

"How—how can I advise?" said Miss Vancouver. "You must do what you think best."

"It is best that I should go," he declared.

He stood frowning at the grass, and, more than ever, he knew that it was true. He was in love with her. Revolting fact! Nothing more hideous could well have happened to him. In love with this girl. Yes, indeed, the sooner he went, the better for his peace of mind.

"Do you know that you have never told me your name?" he said huskily; "I should like to know your Christian name."

"It's Frankie."

"'Frankie Vancouver'—it's curious; somehow, it suits you. I shall go this afternoon, Miss Frankie Vancouver; will you say good-bye to me now?"

Was it imagination, or did her lips tremble? was the white face whiter at his words? She put out her hand, and he took it, and held it for an instant, tightly.

"Good-bye," she murmured.

"Good-bye," repeated Charlie Bartlett.

Neither spoke advice to the other, though each meant it. He knew, as he turned away across the lawn, that she understood he was fond of her, and she, as she lay watching his receding figure, knew that *she* cared for *him*. He thanked the Doctor for all his kindness, and announced his intention of departing forthwith. But he did not see Miss Vancouver again; she was unwell at luncheon, and kept her room.

And, of course, it was one of those things that he ought to have ridiculed, and sneered at, and forgotten. Only he could not. It remained a horrible consciousness with him that the girl he loved was shut up in an establishment at Lake Lincoln for treatment for the morphia vice, and he used to have bad dreams, haunted by a frightful form that was Frankie and yet not Frankie—dreams from which he woke in a cold sweat.

Sometimes the picture of what she might become forced itself between him and his work, and the face of Frankie ten years hence glared up at him from the manuscript. Then he shuddered and left his desk, and the article did not progress very rapidly the rest of that day.

He found it so difficult to concentrate his attention on what he was doing that it was a fortnight before No. 1 of the series was finished. After that, however, he fell into the swing of the thing, and went on apace. He had decided to submit the six papers—he meant to have six—all at once, and, when they were done, he rubbed his hands. They represented an editorial compliment and a very substantial cheque, he calculated. He was more cheerful than he had been since he quitted "The Retreat."

He was staying in a boarding-house, and he was inclined to be careless in his habits. What was his dismay the following morning, on unfolding his copy of the *Chanticleer*, to see that he had been forestalled. He stamped and heswore. There it was, with terrific head-lines, and a "leader" calling attention to it besides—"The Liquor and The Ladies! Life in a Dipsomaniac Home. By Our Special Commissioner. To be Continued Day-by-Day. Dainty Dames Demand Drink Desperately! Startling Stories of Some Sinners in Society."

Startling indeed! Why, what was this? Ah, it explained the strange "coincidence"—the matter was almost identical with his own! "Curse it!" groaned Bartlett, recovering from his stupefaction; "somebody has got at my stuff; some leaping Yankee bounder has been prying about my room when I've been out! If I can find out who he is, I'll murder the thief!"

He caught up his hat and cane, and jumped on the first cable-car that passed him. The editor of the *Chanticleer* was in, and, as it happened, accessible.

"I want to know who's doing your 'Dipsomaniac Home' series?" began Charlie. "I suppose it isn't a secret—who is he?"

"Well," said the editor; "I guess it ain't your affair, but I don't mind telling you. The stuff was sent in by an 'outsider,' and I thought it a good idea. What do you ask for, anyhow?"

"What do I ask for?" echoed Charlie excitedly; "look here—and here—and here!" He showered his manuscripts on the table as he spoke. "You told me to do you some articles on a new subject. I found the subject; I did the articles; and now this infernal outsider of yours has robbed me of my matter. I leave my desk open, and he has been at it."

The American editor observed, parenthetically, that it was "smart business."

"Is it?" said Charlie. "There will be a deal smarter business when I get hold of him, I can tell you. I have suffered enough over these investigations already, without having my information stolen from me at the end."

"Well," remarked the other, "all that don't concern me." He whistled through a tube, and presently announced that the "outsider" was Mr. George R. Wibrow, and the address given was a street on the North Side. Charlie drew a long breath and departed.

It was an awkward road to find, but he got to it at last. A German maid-servant replied to his ring, and he inquired if Mr. Wibrow lived there, or if he only called for letters. As he was ushered into the parlour, he concluded that the gentleman did live there, though the maid-servant's English was not the most intelligible.

He stood on the hearth-rug, put his hat on the table, and felt the suppleness of the cane. Then the door opened, and admitted Miss Frankie Vancouver!

Both started violently; both uttered the same monosyllable at the same moment—

"You?"

"But—but, how——?" gasped Charlie.

"'George R. Wibrow' is my pen-name," she explained. "I am a

journalist. That is why I was at 'The Retreat.' I only shammed the morphia—I had to be *something* terrible, or I couldn't have got in." She contemplated him gravely. "I hope you are keeping sober?" she added.

"Sober!" he cried; "why, Heavens above! I am a journalist; I shammed the *whisky*; I, too, have written a series of papers, and that's the reason— Oh, my dear, dear girl! to think you are a colleague, and not a morphomaniac at all! I expected to find a man, and had come to thrash him. Will you let me shake your dear little hand again, instead?"

And she did let him, and he kept on shaking it; and then, somehow or other, his arm was round her waist, and she was crying on his shoulder, and—and the rest was *banal*.

SOME ROYAL PICTURES.

The wonderful collection of pictures at Buckingham Palace is, unfortunately, not on public view. Those of us who accompany our wives to the Palace upon the occasions of Drawing-Rooms, State Concerts, or Balls have the opportunity of visiting the picture gallery; but this privilege is not the possession of many persons, and to most, who possess no such advantage, the gallery is inaccessible. I am inclined to think that even those lucky few who have the *entrée* do not spend their time in gazing at the pictures, but are more interested in the Court spectacle and in the persons around them. To anyone, however, who really loves pictures it is not impossible to gain admittance, and the permanent officials of the Lord Chamberlain's Department (and especially the ever suave and always gracious Comptroller, Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane) are quite ready to grant admission to properly qualified persons. In Dutch and Flemish pictures the gallery has only one serious rival in England, and that is Lord Ellesmere's collection at Bridgwater House, to which, on application, access is most readily granted. Why is it, I often wonder, that Englishmen who go abroad fly off to see galleries, and at Antwerp or Amsterdam, in the Louvre-Brebra or Pitti, stand and gaze admiringly at pictures of great beauty, but know nothing, or very little, of those of equal merit at home? When Lord Francis Hope sent the Hope pictures by Dutch masters to South Kensington, many a travelled Englishman, loving a good picture, never went to see them, or, if he did so, spoke in utter amazement of their beauty, and could compare them with nothing he had ever seen in England. Yet, at Bridgwater House, Buckingham Palace, and Windsor, and at our own National Gallery, are examples every whit as fine.

The Rembrandt at the Brera cannot compare, lovely as it is, with Paneras and his wife at Buckingham Palace; and the Ostades and Van Mieris' at Amsterdam are no finer, as examples, than the ones in the collections I have named. Again, we not only go into ecstasies over the glories of the foreign galleries, excellent and remarkable as they are, but we buy photographs and carbon prints of them, and decorate our houses and fill our portfolios. This privilege we have been denied hitherto in England; but the reproach is gone, and we can no longer plead an excuse, and our Queen it is who herself has granted this privilege to her people.

A few months ago, one of the greatest of modern photographers received the gracious permission, very much through the good auspices of a nobleman who is well known as a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery and as an artist of genius often consulted by the Queen. He was permitted to photograph the chief pictures in both the Royal Collections, Windsor and London, and to issue them to the public; and I am divulging no secret when I say that her Majesty has every hope that her subjects will enjoy the charm and sweetness of these wonderful reproductions of the treasures of inestimable beauty that belong to the English Crown. Mr. Hanfstaengl, of Pall Mall East, has done his work well.

The machinery that prints this paper cannot possibly do justice to the beauty of the four pictures that I have selected for illustration. The reproductions are in large size, 16 in. by 9 in. and 21 in. by 16 in., and are wonders of photographic art. The very brush-marks seem to be visible. There is no high glaze to mar the depth of the shadows. The dull matt surface is admirable, the lights are clear, silvery, and transparent, and the details reproduced with an absolutely faithful perfection. The stern dignity of Henry Guildford in Holbein's powerful portrait, the grace and sweetness of Helen Fourmet, by Rubens, so different from his often bull-necked, fleshy, massive portraits; the restraint, the life and vivacity of Van Dyck's equestrian portrait; and lastly, the piquancy, the merriment, and the daintiness of the Hogarth of Garrick and his wife, leave nothing to be desired. The collections are, however, only typified by these four pictures from Windsor Castle. In Buckingham Palace the Dows and Cuyps, the Hobbemas and Claudes, the Ostades, Potters, and Rembrandts, Teniers', Vanderveldes, and Wouvermans have all been copied. Then there are works by our own Reynolds, Gainsborough, Cosway, and Lawrence, and, in all, a collection of permanent prints, faithful and luminous, most skilfully copied, with brilliant effect and full of carefully adjusted light and shadow.

G. C. W.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

THE ART OF THE DAY



PORTRAIT OF HENRY GUILDFORD.—HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER.



GARRICK AND HIS WIFE.—WILLIAM HOGARTH.



KING CHARLES I. AND M. DE ST. ANTOINE.—SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.



PORTRAIT OF HELEN FOURMET.—SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

FAMOUS PICTURES IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

TYPOGRAVURES BY F. HANFSTAENGL, PALL MALL EAST.

ART NOTES.

The problem of the award of the Venetian prizes, in which Mr. Whistler recently received the seventh, has entered the region of darkness and obscurity. Whether the awarding jury deserved even reasonable praise for their decisions, or whether they were utterly incompetent; whether the system of prizes upon which the competition was founded was a temptation to the indolent or an encouragement to the artist—these are matters about which nobody seems to have even plausible grounds for



ROCKY PASTURE.—ARTHUR LUCAS.
Exhibited in the New Gallery.

forming any reasonable opinion. However, the art critic signing himself "A. U." seems to have more definite views upon the matter than most people, and, seeing that he has more reason upon his side than most people, his version of the facts may be accepted.

The artists, then, who competed, according to "A. U.," were not made aware of the rules which governed the awards until after June, 1895, for the circular which announced those rules was not issued until that date. Wherefore he concludes, "Therefore, unless some previous circular had been sent out to artists notifying them of the conditions under which these prizes were to be distributed, the whole action of the president and his organising committee was disgraceful and contemptible." That sounds strong, but not too strong if these facts be true. Meanwhile, what were the conditions?

The prize offered by the city of Venice of 10,000 lire, and the second prize of 5,000 lire, offered by the Italian Government, were international, but might only be obtained by recent works that had never before been exhibited. As to the sums in question, "A. U." perhaps a little cruelly, says that, if the first prize were "paid in Italian money, the first prize was worth a great deal less than £400," and adds unkindly, "I have an idea that the excellent president would imitate his fellow-townsmen, Shylock, on such an occasion." The rule itself might or might not have been good: as this critic remarks, if universally enforced it would be a good antidote to pot-hunting, with the shrewd addition that it would play havoc with decent international exhibitions, "because they are far too frequent for so rapid a succession of compulsory masterpieces, even of ordinarily good pictures."

Apart from this detail, there were also four prizes immediately following these two, and it appears that it was one of these which Mr. Whistler received—one offered by the Commune of Murano. Two local prizes were given to Venetian artists only, and there was one further prize which depended upon the votes of the public. These were

the facts of the case; and it is certainly true that, if all the conditions of the award were not known to artists before June, the whole business became positively ridiculous. The composition of the jury seems to have finally been the last element of unsatisfactoriness in the matter, so that, take the whole case as it stands, it is comparatively unimportant that Mr. Whistler received a prize at all, and it is less than important that the numerical rank of that prize lay in the seventh place.

A new Book of Nonsense might, or might not, be a sensational matter when one casually remembers the original book of Lear's: as a matter of fact, there is a new Book of Nonsense (Gardner, Darton, and Co.), but it happens not to be a particular sensation. The gentleman (or lady) who is responsible both for the art and for the letterpress of this publication, calls his (or her) work "Nonsense for Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody, Particularly the Baby-body, Written and Illustrated by A. Nobody." The illustrations are all that need concern us here. They are drawn in the manner of the growing child, and of set purpose. Two series of them, "The Smiler" and "The Man and the Steeple," are distinctly amusing; the rest, although their intention is humorous enough, do not provoke even easy laughter. They remind one curiously of the work of a well-known living caricaturist, of whom it has been, not unwittily, said, that it possessed every quality of humour except humour. At the same time, the book is a pretty children's book.

The art world is beginning to wake up again. The four newly purchased Veroneses have been hung in the Octagon Room of the National Gallery, and the Continental Gallery has opened its doors upon a very interesting and attractive little exhibition. It contains a good many, if not exactly excellent, at all events, typical, works of the best-known modern French painters, who are, even by name, practically unknown in England. If we are to have historical pictures painted, then it is to be said that M. Roussin's "Arrest of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. at Varennes" is painted in an excellent school, and, so far as composition is concerned, it is even distinguished. M. Giran sends a very interesting pastel, "La Visite"; there is a good deal of French sentiment abounding; and there is one picture of the Holy Family which is called, according to the catalogue, "Beauty and the Beast." We hasten to add that this is owing to the confusion of a double number.

There is a little province of art which belongs entirely to the national sports of England. One knows (how well!) the cricket section, with



GORDON MEMORIAL SHIELD.—E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.

"W. G." at the wicket. Scarcely less better-known are the banks of the river at Henley during the regatta, crowded with all the fashion and the beauty of Mayfair; and now comes the artist of football, Mr. T. M. Hemy, who has made the heart of the great British public rejoice by the painting of "The Fight for the Championship—Sunderland v. Aston Villa." The picture has been hanging at Messrs. Graves's, and is now travelling northwards. It is an energetic canvas, and attains high rank in that little province of art which has been alluded to.

OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

Photographs by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.



EARLY MORNING IN ALGOA BAY.



THE ROADS, TABLE BAY, CAPE TOWN.

VIEWS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photographs by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.



AMAJUBA HILL: GRAVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE TOWN.

IN JOHANNESBURG.

Photographs by Davies Brothers, Johannesburg.

There is much of interest in this eight- or ten-year-old town of dust, discomfort, and diamonds, that is still growing like a St. Bernard pup, with its outskirts of gold-mines and hundreds of miles of veldt pegged out. Less than ten years ago men remember it a mining-camp, with a few tents and primitive galvanised huts to indicate its locality. Now it is a bustling city, and what it will become as its surrounding wealth is unearched, a generous guess now will fall short of prospective actuality. The enormous traffic, of ox and mule teams and transport-waggons, tram-cars, rickshas, vehicles of all kinds, and up-to-date bicycles, shows what is going on in the brick-and-mortar oasis on this vast African veldt.

A parade of "wash-boys," who, like the *blanchisseuses* of Paris, have their outing—and, though the camera could not take them all, it gives an interesting record of this industry and the background of the Market Square, which is not arranged for effect—shows the traffic and the bustle. Outside Eckstein's Buildings is a sort of open-air Stock Exchange, where business men meet to dispose of property, known as "The Chains"—the chains keep the traffic out of this side street, and allow men to trade without danger of being run over.

If the coach that runs to Heidelberg were to tool down to Windsor, it would create a sensation. It is the most ramshackle, dingy affair ever seen, and why it doesn't fall to pieces I don't know. The driver holds

a horn, while a Kaffir holds the reins and drives, and the way he can handle his ten-in-hand would be admired in the Row, if the coach created laughter. Horses are used in the towns for effect, but, crossing the veldt, they will drive anything that will pull. The other day, a box containing two thousand pounds in gold was missed when the coach arrived, and nothing further has been said about



THE MARKET SQUARE.

it. Hotels are as full as an up-river Thames inn on Easter Monday. The tariff is from £2 15s. a week, upwards, for board and lodging. The principal club is the Rand Club; it is well managed, and



WASH-BOYS IN 1895.

managed with a business method that rather takes your breath away. Elected as an *honorary* member, the notification informed me that I must send a cheque for two guineas for one month (this is at the rate of twenty-four guineas a year), and the rules further state that members must pay one pound an hour if they stay there after two a.m. What a



A KAFFIR PIANO.

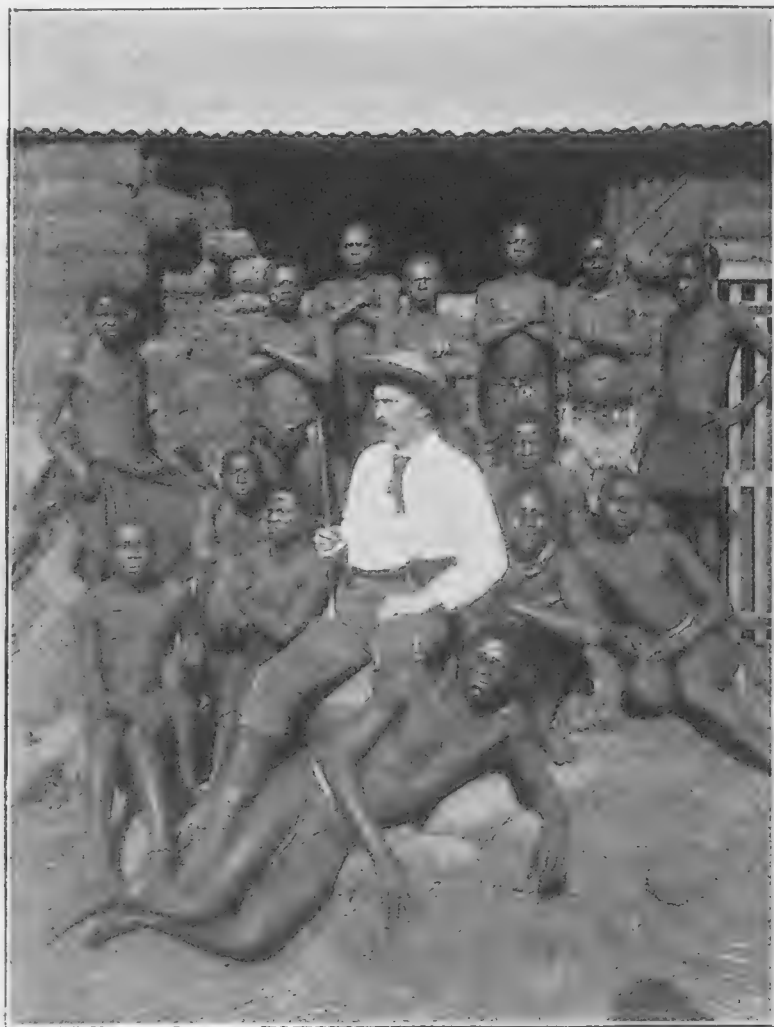
fortune the Savage Club would make if it took a lesson from the Rand, which is only savage as far as its secretary's name is concerned. I don't grudge the fee, for the club has every well-known paper, well-appointed card-, billiard-, reading-, writing-, and dining-rooms, neat and well-kept lavatories; and, I believe, a bar where it is possible to obtain drinkables.



ECKSTEIN'S BUILDINGS.

They do not take in the *Album*, which paper seems so eagerly bought that I always find the last was sold five minutes before I reached the shop.

Trials are conducted in Dutch, which may account for the unpopularity of litigation, and the insignificance of the temple dedicated to the disputes of mankind. The Dutch rule is fit matter for a Gilbertian comic opera. Everyone speaks English, yet the Post Office notices and directions are in Dutch, and everyone is bewildered, while English capital is taken to support a governing power which is childish and obstructive. The bitter feeling against the Home Government, that



A GROUP OF WASH-BOYS.

left its people, and lost the country of gold and diamonds, is easily understood by those who visit the Rand. I doubt if the Rubinstein and Paderewski of South Africa have ever been heard in London; they can, however, be seen, if not heard, playing a duet on their "Broad Wood" or "Bord."

ROBERT GANTHONY.

The return to London of Mdlle. Juniori brings back to our stage one of the most fascinating women it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Granted that the methods of the *chanteuse fantaisiste* are arbitrary, it is astonishing how a clever woman can give them a value. Juniori has a small but sweet voice, and uses it with great discretion; her songs are amusing, and her costumes, though dangerous, are tasteful, and calculated to exhibit their wearer's remarkable beauty to the best possible advantage. Again, she possesses the rare art of making friends with her audience, and is no sooner on the stage than all the people in front are in sympathy with her. This valuable gift has stood her in good stead abroad, for the playgoers of Vienna and St. Petersburg have always given her an enthusiastic welcome. Like many other of her singing sisters, Mdlle. Juniori likes London best of all cities. Off the stage she is, if possible, more charming than ever, having in her disposition just a touch of the-Bohemian, which makes her very good company. It is indeed a pity that her visits are so few and far between.



THE LAW COURTS.



COACHING.



A FANCY-DRESS BALL SHEPHERDESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE FOIL AT THE ADELPHI.

A CHAT WITH A FRENCH FENCER.

When I went to see "The Swordsman's Daughter," at the Adelphi (writes a *Sketch* representative), several points connected with the fencing excited my curiosity. The law as to the disarmament puzzled me; the fencing of the real experts, MM. Cotis and Beau, surprised by its *bizarre* freedom of style; and the contortions of the Italian fencer "intrigued" me—if I may use the word in its convenient French method. So, having in my character the curiosity supposed to be the birthright of the supplanting sex, I made it my business to hunt down M. Cotis, who, so far as fencing is concerned, mounted the piece. I found him in a French hotel in the Quartier Français of London, and, with great politeness and amiability, he answered all my questions.

"About the disarming," I said, "in novels?"

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "In novels! Well, in fact, the position is this: if, after disarming, one thrusts without pause, or time for thought—if it goes 'ping-ping,' like electricity, it is all right and loyal, for the movement is impulsive and natural; but any pause, any pass, shows that the thrust is deliberate, intentional, and it is foul—is an assassination. It is, indeed, in a duel or fencing-bout no great gain to disarm. Yes, you are right. M. Beau, a pupil of mine, and I do not fence seriously in the fencing scene."

"You fence for the gallery?"

"Yes, that is it; the real classic style, we were told, would hardly do, as very few of the audience understand fencing in England, so we do fancy, lively work—work which resembles the Italian style, for, as you may know, Italy alone resists the invasion of the modern French method, and her style is barbarous, showy, theatrical, out-of-date, and ineffective."

"No doubt, few of an English audience would really understand fencing, but what of a French?"

"Oh, a large number. You see, in all the large schools of France nine-tenths of the boys learn, and begin as young as seven. Moreover, clubs abound. In every *arrondissement* of Paris there are two or three clubs to teach fencing, 'la canne,' and 'le boxe.'"

"'La canne,' I guess, is sword-stick, but 'le boxe'?"

"'Le boxe' is a compound of the kicking—'la savate'—and English style of boxing, though also the English boxing and the 'savate' are done separately. In 1830 Professor Lacourt came to England and studied your boxing, and then introduced the combined style. Yes, the 'savate' is dangerous, and an English boxer would hardly hold his own; the foot reaches farther than the fist, and he would be kicked off his legs, and perhaps get one broken without reaching striking-room."

"I suppose the soldiers are taught fencing?"

"Oh, indeed, yes. That was the beginning of my career. In '74, I joined, as volunteer, the 24th Regiment of the Line, and, after three years' study, took successively the three teaching-degrees of *prévôt*, *second maître*, and *maître*. Afterwards, in '79, I went into civil life. In conjunction with M. Maniez, I became *maître d'armes* of his Majesty Alphonso XII. of Spain. In 1884 I opened an academy of arms in Paris, and it grew so large that in '93 I had to remove to 19, Boulevard St. Denis, where I now have an immense number of pupils, who each year pass an examination before a jury of professors, and receive gold and silver medals and diplomas."

"I presume you have fenced in public?"

"In '94 I gained two first medals, of silver, in 'Le Drapeau' assault-of-arms, and, in the same year, a gold medal in a grand competition given by the City of Paris."

"You have seen some duelling?"

"Oh, a great deal. In the army, in each regiment, there are two or three duels a month, and I had to attend, owing to my position as instructor. No; very rarely fatal, and not often serious wounds. It is the duty of the *prévôt* or *maître* who regulates the combat to manage, by keeping the men apart, or timely interference, to prevent deadly strokes.

The soldiers have to get the colonel's leave to fight, and a man cannot go out until he has served six months."

"Do you think it wise to permit duels?"

"In the army, yes. The fear of consequences keeps down quarrels, the fighting teaches men calmly to face the cold, sharp steel. In civil life there are some quarrels that are beyond the law. No, it's true that sometimes the wrong man is killed. Oh, the journalistic duels are often mere farces, mere advertisements, and little harm is done. You see, in a large number of cases it is practically arranged that no dangerous wound shall be given, and often a skilful fencer, out of humanity, will try to avoid giving a serious wound—a risky course to himself to adopt."

"But, of course, skill tells?"

"Not, indeed, so much in a duel as in a friendly bout on the ground; there is then the human element. Moreover, there is luck, and a mere beginner has a hundred-to-one chance even against a *maître*. I remember an extraordinary affair. A man, going out to fight, and being unskilful, put a cuirass under his shirt. By accident, the customary search for secret armour was omitted. His opponent was a gentleman of great skill." M. Cotis nicely distinguished in terms between *l'individu* who fought unfairly and *le monsieur* his opponent.

"*Le monsieur*, despite the cuirass, ran *l'individu* through under the arm and killed him; yet, in falling, he struck *le monsieur* in the side and wounded him, though not badly. So, you see, there is a danger for any fencer."

"There is danger, too, I fancy, in the stage presentation of duels?"

"Oh, yes! I have seen many accidents, and some severe, if not dangerous. You see, I am *maître titulaire* of the Ambigu and Porte St. Martin Theatres, and have to arrange all the stage duels and fights in those houses. When 'The Swordsman's Daughter' was running at the Porte St. Martin, I had twenty-five fencers in it to look after; while 'Les Cadets de la Reine' was at the same time being played at the Ambigu, and I had forty in that, thirty of them actually fencing at one time on the stage. In the latter piece, despite careful rehearsals and arrangements, ten got hurt. The English players? Oh, they do their fencing very well, though I had only a short time to work them up to the particular business. Mr. Vincent Sternroyd, a charming, most intelligent young gentleman, greatly aided me."

"Then can fencing be taught quickly?"

"Oh, in two or three days I could teach a novice enough to give him a chance of escaping a serious wound in a duel. The real origin of the piece? It was an affair in 1858 at Montbrizon. Two officers fought in a room alone; one was killed, and the survivor put on his trial. He was condemned to death by the



M. COTIS AND M. BEAU.

Photo by Alfred Hughes, Strand.

Court of First Instance. In the second Court, Grisier, *maître d'armes*, was called in, as expert, to prove and demonstrate that the fatal blow was given loyally. Despite his evidence, the conviction and sentence were confirmed, but, soon after, a pardon was granted. It was on this incident that the piece was founded."

After this, M. Cotis told me a number of stories of duels, some of which I hope hereafter to use separately in *The Sketch*; but, at present, space, or lack of it, keeps them out. I should like to add that M. Cotis not only was very intelligent and interesting, but also a perfect model of courtesy and amiability.

A correspondent points out that Miss Rose Norreys made her first appearance on the stage not in 1887, but in 1881, as Guster in "Jo." At the old Imperial Theatre, Dec. 26, 1881, she appeared as Mabel in "Macfarlane's Will," after which she was engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham to play Fanny Simpson in "Fourteen Days," and Mrs. Davis in "Cupid in Camp." She also accompanied Mr. Wyndham on his American tour. On her return, she played, on April 16, 1884, Mrs. Carter in "Brighton," and June 2, Mrs. Grace Gordon in "The Great Divorce Case," while on June 23 she played Louise in "Somebody Else," and Gimp in "Featherbrain." Then came Edith in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," at the Court, where she also played in "Twenty Minutes Under an Umbrella," "Good Gracious!" and "The Denhams," before appearing in "The Magistrate," which was produced on March 21, 1885,

SCENES FROM "THE SWORDSMAN'S DAUGHTER," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Lieut. Leverdier (Mr. Sternroyd).

Dr. Dubarry (Mr. Crauford).

Count Rochefière (Mr. Abingdon).

THE DUEL IN THE WOOD.



Jean Olgan (Mr. Fulton).

Baron Chantoiel
(Mr. Nicholls).

Count Rochefière
(Mr. Abingdon).

Vibrac (Mr. Terriss).
Madeleine (Miss Milward).

THE DUEL IN THE COURT.

A ROMAN FÊTE.

It is all over, and it has been a great success! When the Government of Italy decreed that this twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of Rome should be elevated into the dignity of a Festa Nazionale, it did a wise thing. The Italians love a holiday, especially if it is a general one, and in Venice the whole city went mad with enthusiasm. Of course, the Academia and the Palazzo Ducale, and all the museums and picture galleries, closed their doors; but, besides that, almost every shop put up its shutters, and pasted across them the label of the National colours, with the magic word, "Chiusi." From the three tall Venetian masts floated great silk banners, with the united nations' arms and colours. From almost every window were the same colours draped in the Piazzetta, and on all sides were the same colours on hats and in button-holes. If you sat down at a café, a charming girl politely fastened in your coat or dress a posy of oleander or geranium, green leaves, and a white bloom, and you gave her the inevitable ten centesimi, and she departed rejoicing. If you had not the button-hole, the street-dealer urged you to buy a ribbon or a rosette, or, at least, give your children penny flags. Even the gondoliers, who know no politics as a rule, came out in their gayest attire, and many decorated themselves with the red, green, and white, while here and there could be seen the Papal yellow. When darkness set in, many of the palaces, especially that of the Municipio, were illuminated, and the lamps were, in places, of the three colours. The municipal band of over forty performers played in front of the Ducal Palace, and there were processions and bands in other parts of the city. I



counted over eight hundred people sitting in front of Florian's café enjoying their coffee, ices, or other light refreshment, and there were between five and six hundred opposite the Café Chioggia. It was a very orderly crowd: there was little singing and less noise; but it was a good-humoured, merry throng, bent upon enjoyment, and caring little, as I gather, for the reason of the fête. The literature of the comic order is unpleasant; its sneers and caricatures of the Papal party are offensive and broad, but they seem to be but shallow, and the paper is read, laughed at, and thrown aside.

What, I wonder, is to be the result of all this? Ground down by heavy taxation and the cruel income tax imposed on the poor while all the rich escape, burdened by the Triple Alliance, and the effort to keep up an army, navy, and colonies altogether out of proportion to her needs, Italy is treading on the brink of a volcano. The Papal party is gaining strength day by day, and the bad harvests, the increasing poverty of the poor, the officialism, the heavy taxes, emigration, ill-health, and want of sanitary science are all indirectly aiding the "prisoner in the Vatican." To-day everyone was happy, and bent on enjoyment, save, of course, the Papal party. There have been black masses and special devotions in many churches. All were open, many were crowded with suppliants, but their colours were shrouded in the universal red, green, and white, and I only heard "Viva il Papa Re" about three times. The storm is, however, but smouldering. All the smothering in the world will not put it out. The incubus is too heavy to be borne, and, although the Senate Halls at Venice are now empty, they may not always so remain, and, unless Crispi comes to the rescue soon, I fear for the future of Italia Unita.—x.



A MAID IN THE MOON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

FURS AND FUR ANIMALS.*

Mr. T. S. Jay, in writing this little book, has appealed to the weakness of curiosity which is latent in us all. He has told us exactly what we could never have come to know without his kindly help; and he has not told too much. If he had put into this book all the technical knowledge which he must possess, we outsiders could not have followed him, and



THE FALKLAND ISLAND FUR SEAL (OTARIA FALKLANDICA).

perhaps should not have had the courage to try. But we can study this pleasant little book without any severer mental effort than that required to picture the fur seals, with their mild and beautiful eyes, at their nurseries on the Prybiloff Islands.

The first part of this book is devoted to a review of the conditions under which fur garments have been used in past times. Some idea of the ground covered may be gathered from the fact that reference is made to "The Golden Fleece," "Semiramis," "The Assyrians," "Nero," and, coming nearer to our times, "Lucrezia Borgia," "Caterina Cornaro," "Philip the Long," "Edward III.," "Henry VIII.," and certain of his ill-fated wives. How many of us, we wonder, could have answered an examination question on "The Italian Pellicerie," or "The Tandour," or even on the "Bairam Ram"? Yet all these things Mr. Jay unravels and makes clear.

In the course of an exceedingly lucid review of the use of furs in Eastern Europe a light is thrown on the origin of the word "ermine," which will be as interesting as new to most readers. It runs—

The Byzantine Emperors exacted from the conquered or tributary princes an annual tribute of furs and skins of beasts, and undoubtedly it is to them that we owe the introduction of the ermine as a royal fur. The Greeks, who were very fond of ermine, believed it to be the skin of a white rat. . . . The Byzantines called it the Armenian rat-fur—hence the word hermine or ermine; and, until quite late in the seventeenth century, it was always termed in France *le rat d'Arménie*.

The author then traces the causes which led to the adoption of fur robes by the Venetians, showing that the semi-Turkish dresses of the sixteenth century gradually gave place to gorgeous fur costumes under the Renaissance; Sanudo, in his diary, telling how "ten mules carried the boxes which contained the furs belonging to my lady the Duchess (Lucrezia Borgia), the majority of which came from the East."

Mr. Jay, in the course of some very interesting remarks on the origin of the word "miniver" (ermine spotted with astrachan), recalls that "Théophile Gauthier, in an essay on Cinderella, assures us that young lady's famous glass slipper was not made of glass at all, but simply lined with *ver* or miniver, wrongly interpreted as *verre*."

The ermine, by the way, to which much reference is given, is, of course, identical with our own stoat, only the white colouring which our stoat at times assumes is permanent in this high Northern form. It is not a little astonishing to learn that the late Czar of Russia had coronation robes made out of no fewer than 250,000 ermines' skins.

It appears, from Mr. Jay's researches, that Edward III. was the first English sovereign to decree the ermine a "royal" fur, and to regulate generally the wearing of furs. He enacted that "No person whose income did not amount to £100 a-year should wear furs, under penalty of forfeiting them." Later on is a quaint extract from a letter of Lady Margaret Bryan (governess to the children of Catherine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, and Jane Seymour) to the King, in which she beseeches him to send her money, "for His Grace Prince Edward has just cut his first teeth. His garments are barely decent, and he much needs a fresh set

of furs, his being mangey." One of the most interesting sections is devoted to the rise and progress of the great fur companies of North America. The Hudson Bay Company is traced from its origin in 1660, through times of monopoly and of rivalry, down to our own day, with interesting remarks on trappers and trapping thrown in by the way; while from tables of the amount of furs sold in London, we learn the astounding fact that in 1895, besides countless other skins, over one hundred and eleven thousand red foxes' skins, and over one million of the skins of the Australian opossum, were sold, while the skins of the red muskrat which went at the auctions during the same year amounted to nearly two millions and a-half.

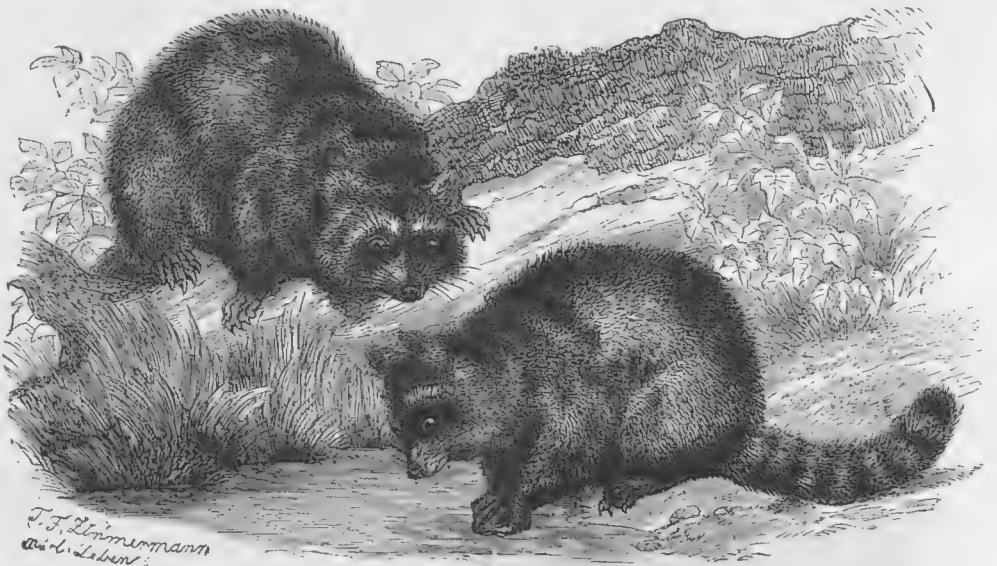
If we had room, we might give our readers many tips on fur-dressing, on the making of "felt," and especially on the preparation of sealskins, drawn from these pages, but for these they must go to the book itself.

This work ends very appropriately with some account of the animals from which furs are obtained. Much is said about the Russian sable, whose fur is one of the most beautiful ever bought or sold. The polecat, from which the fur commercially known as "fitch" is obtained, is said to be finest in Scotland. We fear, however, that very few find their way to Regent Street from Scotland now. For the fitch, or founmart, which early in the century was hunted in Caithness, Sutherland, and Perthshire with dogs, has become rarer year by year, and, although it still lingers there, and even in Cumberland and a few other parts of England, its days with us are probably numbered. The skunk, which the Indians kill so cleverly that not a trace of its horrible odour taints the skin, is also described, in its North American home. Your reviewer may perhaps be allowed to

describe a personal reminiscence which he may fairly characterise as a "skunk nightmare." One night, long ago, in the wilds of the North-West, he was lying asleep with his head on one of the biscuit-tins which were stored against the sides of the tent, when he was awakened by a movement of his pillow. A skunk was going slowly round, poking his nose under the tent-flanges. Every now and then the nose came through and a tin rattled. Your reviewer lay there unable to move, for the first impulse, to hit the marauder a crack over his muzzle, had to be restrained. Had this been once attempted, the whole tent must have inevitably been burnt, for nothing over which the skunk has once squirted his vile defensive scent can ever be approached again. Probably it only lasted ten minutes or so, but it seemed hours to the wretched victim before the skunk condescended to draw off. Yes, you must wait upon a skunk.

That most vexed question, the distinctions between the various red and blue foxes, is also discussed. We may, however, venture to doubt whether the blue fox of "Hudson's Bay Territory and Greenland" is not really the Arctic fox in his summer coat.

The sea-otter (that remarkable and interesting creature which the Aleutian Islanders follow in their slight kayaks twenty miles and more out at sea, where the rocks are unceasingly swept by the breakers) is noticed also a little further on. "To the great sorrow of the fur-trading



THE RACCOON (PROCYON LOTOR).

world, these valuable animals are getting scarcer every year." Yes, and, to the infinite sorrow of all who have made a study of our fast-disappearing Northern creatures. As you are strong, be merciful, Mr. Jay; for we ourselves would as soon have a coat of feathers of Birds of Paradise!

Few men are better qualified than the author to speak with authority on the various methods for taking the wild animals to which his book refers. It is true that here at home he is best known as a fine rider, an admirable judge of horses, and an authority at first-hand on horse-breeding. But it is an open secret that, in the course of several visits to the Rocky Mountains of North America, he not only proved himself a

* "Furs and Fur Garments." By T. S. Jay. London: The Roxburghe Press.

hard and keen hunter of big game, but gave much practical attention to trapping, and other methods for taking the fur-bearing creatures.

The wild cat is now the one species of *Felide* left to us in Britain, and is getting rarer and rarer each year. Most of the "wild" cats

as furnishing an instance of a truly terrestrial mammal which has through stress of surroundings evolved, by natural selection, into an amphibian.

The harp-seal and others form caves for themselves underneath the ice, leaving above a small piece of open water, through which they come up to breathe. Here the patient Eskimo sits hour by hour, as still as a lump of rock. At last the chance comes, and, as the seal appears, the ready harpoon is driven into it with unerring skill. But the creatures from which ladies get their cloaks and jackets belong to a different order, separated from the true seals by the distinction of having outer ears. For this reason they are known as the "Otariidæ," and the Falkland Islands seal (*Otaria Falklandica*) belongs to this group. All those who have read that most delightful book, "An Arctic Province," will remember how the Northern fur seal (the subject of international legislation) comes up to the Islands of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Prybiloff Group, and there remains without a mouthful of food during the whole of the breeding season. It is probably from this account that Kipling drew the materials for his delightful story of the White Seal in the "Jungle Book."

The accompanying picture gives a very good idea of the racoon of the American States. The gentle character which the artist has given to the face is not belied by facts,

for in confinement this creature is one of the most charming of pets. The racoon, like the opossum, is connected with so many plantation melodies that he has long been a familiar "story" animal. We all

killed by the gamekeepers are tame cats gone wild. The true wild cat, though it never existed in Ireland, was at one time distributed over the whole of England, Wales, and Scotland. The last English specimen was killed in the Lake District in 1843. In Scotland, though it is still to be met with in the wilds of Caithness and other Highland districts, it is never found now south of a line drawn roughly from Oban to the east. All individuals kept in a state of captivity have proved untameable, or rather, morosely savage. It does not appear to have been the progenitor of our domestic cat, whose ancestor, there seems good reason to believe, was the Egyptian cat, *Felis caffra*. The wild cat breeds but once in the year, and produces five or six young at a birth.

From Scotland we will pass to the Great Andes of South America, where the chinchilla lives. Our author says: "The variety yielding the best kind of fur (the *Chinchilla lanigera*) is described as of a clear grey colour above, passing almost into white on the under parts. It is about nine inches long, its tail about two inches; it has large black eyes, and large, roundish, nearly naked ears, full moustaches, twice the length of its head, some of the hairs of which are jet black, others white. The chinchilla is subterranean in its habits, living chiefly in holes in the rocks, and, though somewhat shy, is of a mild disposition. The earliest history we have of Peru mentions the use made by the Incas of the fur of this beautiful animal, the hair of which they wove into a kind of cloth, while the skins, with their soft fur, yielded them a most luxurious lining for the mantles of their chiefs and nobles." So much information is rarely given in so small a space.

The large family of the seals have for the zoologist a special interest,



SEA LIONS (*OTARIA JUBATA*).



CHINCHILLAS (*CHINCHILLA LANIGERA*).

know how he sits and fishes by the streams, and how he is hunted at night by dogs, and thus comes to an undeservedly cruel end.

The dear little musk-rat (a cousin not far removed from our own English water-vole) comes in for notice also. It is the musk-rat who has started many problems on living under water and under ice. For the musk-rat dives when you approach the ice-hole by which he sits; and though you may remain close by for half an hour, you will not see him land again. He is, perhaps, taking in air from bubbles under the ice, as has been supposed.

And so we follow Mr. Jay along through his hundred pleasant pages, till we close the book with a feeling of wonder that the story of a fur jacket can be made so full of living interest, and can touch human nature and the history of peoples at so many points. And most of us will have this one feeling more. We shall want to ask this genial author whether we may not visit him at the International Fur Store, and hear from his own lips some details which his modesty has forbidden him to utter here—something about the great business which his ability has built up. To go there, to be shown not only these splendid and costly furs themselves, but, if possible, some of the methods by which the raw, stiff skins are made into the beautiful and soft cloaks that ladies wear, seems the inevitable next step to reading this little work from a master-hand on "Furs and Fur Garments."

THE BEAR AT THE "ZOO."

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.



THE GOVERNOR OF FIJI.

A CHAT WITH SIR JOHN BATES THURSTON.

Among our Colonial administrators, the Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, just now on a visit to England, holds an almost unique position. His rule extends over a space larger than the Canadian Dominion, but the thousand or more islands of which it is composed would not, if they could be pieced together, take up much room, and their inhabitants, if they could be counted, would not number half a million. The biggest, Viti Levu, the chief of the Fijian group, is much smaller than the county of York, and the great majority of them are mere rocks. The conditions and methods of his sway are, therefore, quite unusual.

"When I first came to Suva, the centre of my government, and a handsome-enough city now," Sir John Thurston will tell you, "it was a strip of beach with no buildings on it. Captain H. M. Jones and I were the first white men who crossed the mountains on the other side of the bay, and explored this part of the island. When we asked for a guide, we had some trouble in getting one, as all the natives were fighting. At length the local chief gave us an old woman, sixty or seventy years of age, and told us no harm would be done if, after she had served our purpose, the hill people knocked her on the head."

That was less than thirty years ago. Young Mr. Thurston, who had already had a good deal of experience in Australia, then began his career in Fiji under Captain Jones, the British Consul, and he had a rough time of it during the next few years in looking after native as well as European interests. They were the days of King Thakombau, who, as far back as 1859, offered to cede the islands—over all of which he claimed sovereignty—to Great Britain, as the best means of protecting himself and his people from the lawlessness of the white traders and settlers. The offer was declined, and the lawlessness increased. Fiji became, as Sir Charles Dilke termed it, "the Alsatia of the Pacific." Matters were not mended when, in 1871, the white residents set up a sort of oligarchy, with Thakombau as its nominal head; but Mr. Thurston won the confidence of the natives, and was deputed by them to make fresh overtures for British protection. This time the appeal had a favourable hearing. Sir Hercules Robinson was sent to arrange details, and the Fijian islands were formally ceded to him, as the Queen's representative, on Oct. 10, 1874, so that in a few days Fiji will have attained its majority as a British Colony. Sir Hercules Robinson was appointed Governor, and Mr. Thurston was Colonial Secretary under him, holding the same office under the next three Governors, Sir Arthur Gordon (now Lord Stanmore), Sir G. W. Des Vœux, and Sir Charles Mitchell, until 1888, when he was promoted to the higher post. Throughout some twenty years he thus had much to do in initiating, and more in carrying out, the policy that he at present controls. Almost from the first, moreover, he was concerned as a subordinate in the duties of the High Commissionership for the Western Pacific, instituted in 1877, which office also he now fills with remarkable energy and success. In a highly dignified and very creditable way, he is, in effect, a modern "King of the Cannibal Islands."

As High Commissioner, he has to see that no harm, or none that can be prevented, is done to the few English residents in, and the many English visitors to, what are known as the Tongan, Samoan, Union, Ellice and Gilbert, Solomon, Santa Cruz, New Hebrides, and Cook or Hervey groups of islands, peopled by Polynesians, Melanesians, and others; and, yet more, as far as he can, to protect the natives from harm. He has no easy task in befriending and, when necessary, restraining, the missionaries, traders, and enterprising folk of all sorts, who, for divers reasons, frequent these numberless fragments of coral reef and extinct volcanoes; and he has a harder task in managing the aborigines, and contriving that no more wrong than he is required to tolerate is done to them by their being "recruited" for service in the Queensland sugar-plantations and elsewhere.

As Governor, he has to maintain the very peculiar system of rule which prevails in Fiji, and which he has done so much to establish—or rather, to adapt from native institutions. "Very few people will recognise," he says, "that it was cession, not annexation, which I negotiated in 1874. The Fijians were not conquered by Great Britain;

they sought British protection, and it was promised to them. Their islands still belong to them, with the exception of those too numerous portions which they have bartered away or were robbed of long ago. My first duty is to look after their welfare, not the white men's, especially as the white men are so much better able to take care of themselves. I shall throw up my Governorship at once if I am no longer allowed to do my work on these lines. Of course, it makes some enemies, but all the leading men in the Colony support me."

"What are the chief features of your policy?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, I rigidly enforce the law forbidding the sale of guns and gin to natives. Then we have passed a law to prevent natives from being sued for any debts they incur to white men. This saves them from the extortion and dishonest seizure of their property that are so common in other parts. Equitable dealings with the natives are encouraged, but the dealings must be equitable. In this way the natives are left free to work out their own salvation, if they can, with the help of devout missionaries, healthy commerce, and impartial government. But the great point, the pivot of our whole system, is that we allow as complete Home Rule as is possible. The people have their own village councils, their own tribal councils, and a sort of native Parliament of their own, as well as judges, magistrates, and other officers of their own appointing. We only interfere with them when it is quite necessary to do so. All we do is to insist on their not seriously injuring either one another or white men. They have, of course, to contribute to the revenue; but we tell each chief once a-year how much copra or cotton, or whatever else his district produces, he must send in by the end of the season, and we sell that for the best price we can obtain in the open market. If there is a balance to the good, as generally happens, it is returned to the producers. In this way, and by other arrangements of a like character, I think we have done a great deal to solve 'the native question' during my thirty years in Fiji."

Others will think so too, and, at the same time, may be well satisfied with the great progress Fiji has made, commercially and politically, and with the like development of the islands in the Western Pacific which are now fragments of the British Empire, under Sir John Thurston's guidance.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.



SIR JOHN THURSTON.

Photo by C. E. Fry, Gloucester Terrace, S.W.

"THE KING IN YELLOW."

If your nerves have got deadened with excess of sensation, or with a too plentiful lack of it, and you have a desire to stir them into activity for your entertainment, you might try what "The King in Yellow" (Chatto) will do for you. It is the work of a young American writer, Mr. Robert W. Chambers, who had already made a name by the story of student life in Paris called "In the Quarter." The tales in this later volume are also a good deal concerned with the quarter, but Mr. Chambers does not add

to our growing feeling of weariness in regard to that old favourite field of romance, for he is very individual, and does not specially recall Mürger, or Stevenson, or anybody else, not even "Tribby." A few of these student tales, and some of the best of them, may, however, be cast aside by the jaded reader eager to revivify his deadened nerves. Let him turn to "The Repairer of Reputations," "The Mask," "The Court of the Dragon," and, if he need a particularly powerful battery, "The Yellow Sign."

Mr. Chambers has so undoubted a talent for making your flesh creep—the figure is apt for this once, the sensations produced being largely physical—that it will be no wonder if he adopts this eerie department of literature as his own. Yet it would be a pity; for in this line he is not likely to be as great as Poe, and the kind of thing tempts to coarse work, to crude sensationalism, to cheap tricks. Mr. Chambers has succumbed once or twice, though, indeed, the wonder is his work remains as fine as it is. But he has a poetic imagination, a sense of form, delicacy of touch, and I feel sure he is to be counted to entertain us in the future with fiction, eerie and romantic in character, and excellent in quality—if only he avoids the temptations of gross sensationalism. There is one story where he seems to have taken Hawthorne for his master, and Hawthorne is a safer guide for him than Poe. But, in the meanwhile, here is a book that makes its first and obvious appeal, not to lovers of delicate imaginings, but to revellers in the gruesome. They will find few tales of horror so satisfying, and if they are not haunted by nightmare of "The Yellow Sign," they must tell themselves that responsive youth has died out of their nerves for ever.

WARSHIPS IN THE THAMES.

Photographs by Mr. Alfred J. Padgett.

The Isle of Grain has as mournful a look as the dullest low-tone picture of the latest student of the Paris schools. The big crane of Sheerness somehow or other reminds one of the antennæ of an ugly marine insect. Even the distant strains of the Salvation Army band, which come floating along on the same soldier's breeze that fills the big brown sails of the barges, by no means take from the general dullness. So thinks Jack aboard the steam-launch that has just cut away from the Seylla.



H.M.S. SANSPAREIL (10,470 TONS).

Jack does not care overmuch for this selfsame Thames station. Give him Plymouth, with its Drake's Island, Hoe, and, possibly, world-famed "unsweetened." And if he is having a time on that ugly craft the Hotspur, he is still more likely to be in the doldrums. Particularly, too, if he has been called off from the Coastguard on the month's naval manœuvres. Yes, he has, indeed, cause for some substantial grumbling. "Why, when they're getting up anchor even, they makes the most beastly muck in our quarters, and upsets the whole mess! And when there's any firin' goin', a whole shoot of things comes tumblin' down from overhead—hose-gear, you know, and all that sort o' thing. I mind the time when I was on the old Forte in the East Indies; tub as it was, things was a great deal more comfortable. What with your science, you know, always inventin' a lot o' new stuff and nonsense to be shoved aboard, a boat gets so cramp up that you doesn't know where to turn. In the 'good old days' there was room to shake a loose leg in, anyhow." You see, Jack has had a bit too much of the manœuvres, and is disposed to be considerably out of temper. The "collision drill" pretty well upsets him. "A splendid institution," thinks the landsman, with a back thought on the horribly luckless Victoria! Tom Starboard of the

exercise and liquor, with hair and "streamers in the wind," rushed down with yells and screams of welcome from Hawk Street and High Street. At Sheerness the very presence of the Salvation Army on the beach is enough to make him more than sick and sorry. What matters it to him if that gallant craft, the Sanspareil, be not only like Sol Gills, Esq., "chock full of science," but history as well. He doesn't want her company; at least, not in Thames-mouth. Her name may remind us of Bridport's victory over the French, and of the bombardment of Odessa and Sebastopol. He doesn't want to be told of it. "There's a deal too much drill about nowadays, that there is." "But you only get twenty-eight days, as a rule, on the manœuvres." "The Hadmiralty doesn't do



H.M.S. HYDRA (3650 TONS).

that out of any kindness to us, you bet. It's only because, if they keeps us out longer, they has to give up that 'bob' a-day. A fine idea takin' off that 'bob' a-day because you has to out scientifiking and that. They ought to give you a 'bob' a-day extra instead—that we all says. Supposin' as how you're on the Coastguard, you has easy times; six hours abed, and a night off in the week. And the Hydra and Charybdis too? What of 'em? I don't care for 'em. Old Charley says, when he fust saw the Devastation at Portsmouth, over twenty years ago, how he knowed that bad times was a-comin'. 'A ugly old tin kettle,' as says old Jack Kingcome. He was Port-Admiral at Plymouth, he was, and one of the good old sort. He it was as called them tin kettles, and he was quite right. Yes, the Thames is easier goin' for some things, of course. I have had nine weeks of your blessed"—he doesn't exactly say "blessed"—"out about Ireland. Does Bantry Bay give you beans? Why, of course it does. I'd a far sight sooner be out on that old Garnet over there, I can tell you."

And even the gun-drill of the present day does not satisfy the worthy salt. The big shells may be carried overhead for Mr. Jack to the gun's mouth. What of that, forsooth? If he's got a good driving officer over



H.M.S. CHARYBDIS (4360 TONS).

Seylla? Well, what says he when he has grown weary of Monday, 1 lb. fresh beef, 1½ biscuit, cocoa, and tea; Tuesday, 1 lb. salt, &c.; Wednesday, 1 lb. salt pork? "Collision drill is all very well, sir; but how would you like to have to be blowed out of yer sleep by that beastly g-g-g syren signal? it makes you feel as if you was having double knocks rattled on yer backbone. Closing up the water-tight compartments? Very pleasant, ain't it, for those who've got to bustle about and do it. But p'rhaps it ain't so bad as the Hotspur, where, if there's the least bit of a sea, you gets up to your knees in the water, that you does. No, and I don't like it even on commission when you puts in at Sheerness." Tom should have lived, in the halcyon days of the French War, on the Harb at Portsmouth. Then did he with Sweet William take boat for the "logs." Décolletée ladies, flushed with



H.M.S. HOTSPUR (4010 TONS).

him, he has to skip about like a monkey. Well, well! watching the big ironclads that come up Thames-mouth to Medway-mouth. Tom, Dick, and Harry on board the Margate boat often enough wonder what is going on aboard. Is "Tom Bowling" still sung in the fo'c'sle with a squeaking fiddle accompaniment? Not often. The most favoured melodies are those freshest and hottest from the music-halls. Most of the aspects of the old sea-dog's life are dying out. "You should have seen Sheerness in the 'good old days.' It was worth while seeing. When the men come ashore then, they *did* enjoy themselves in the evening, that they did." In the morning groups of hardy mariners would be seen sleeping peacefully on the pavements with their backs to the houses. Plenty of fun going on around them—Jew pedlars, dancers in the open road, fiddlers, quarrellers, jolly drinkers, and what not.

It is sad, indeed, to think of the gruesome change. All the jolly times were blown away by the big guns, all the good old fun boiled down in the tin kettles of ironclads. Just for a change, look at any of the old hulks that may still rest, their work done, just inside the Medway. There is a grandeur about these old ocean-ruins. There is a haunted look about every one of them that suggests that, at the doleful hour of



TORPEDO PRACTICE.

midnight, the poop may be visited by the spirits of the departed heroes who conquered Villeneuve and La Grasse—who carried victory from the Egyptian bay to the home of Tycho Brahe. And, by the way, do the bones of the Russian prisoners ever start rattling from the ground at Queenborough? Bah! this is an old woman's as well as an old salt's way of looking at the whole business. Brighten up a bit. Here you are, on the deck of the Hydra. A steam-launch comes fussing up from the Dockyard. On board is a freight of bright parasols and dainty *chapeaux de paille*. The stern dignity of the iron colossus is to be conquered by a nice little dance, and the fair boarderesses have come to arrange matters gaily mundane. There are fewer quarrels in the ward-room nowadays



H.M.S. GARNET (2120 TONS).

than there used to be. Science has made the naval officer, if not so merry, a great deal more sensible. "In every mess he finds a friend," and is by no means burningly anxious to meet an enemy. "And the decks will be clean and the moon will be bright, and the lanterns slung from the squared yards' height." But business is business. That bit of a scurry denotes the change of the watch. Up comes the new officer, with his best white kids, and his glass under arm. Sulky Hydra and grand Sanspareil, *Adieu!*—I mean, *Au revoir!*

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

If a modern moralist wished to choose a text for a discourse on the Vanity of Human Wishes, an ideal subject for his homily might be found in the recent America Cup fiasco. Never, I should imagine, was there a contest wherein all parties were so sternly determined that nothing should stand in the way of a real, fair, and decisive trial of speed and seamanship. Never, except in the annals of the modern prize-ring, was there such an ignominious collapse. And the tragedy of the farce lies in just the point that the over-scrupulousness of all parties was precisely what prevented any chance of a satisfactory result.

The mental attitude of Lord Dunraven can easily be understood. He may, in his heart of hearts, admit that the Defender is better than Valkyrie III., in which the American traditions of breadth of beam and

great sail-spread seem to have been carried to excess. But he may be excused from thinking that the superiority has not been proved. In the first race, Valkyrie showed to so much less advantage than in practice as to make it probable that—apart from any question of superiority—she was unlucky in the shifts of wind, and hampered rather more than her opponent by the nuisance of the excursion-steamers. The second race was decided on a narrow technical point, and though the Defender's fine performance in a partially crippled condition made it likely that she would have won, yet, on the other hand, the steamer nuisance probably affected the Valkyrie more, as the leading yacht and the foreign competitor would excite more interest. The foul on which the race was awarded was caused largely by the confined space left for manœuvring. The Valkyrie's crew asserted that they had the choice of running down either the committee-boat or their antagonist. The Defender's crew asserted that enough room was left. But nobody has stated that more than just enough space existed to avoid a collision.

In these circumstances the owner of the Valkyrie found himself in an almost hopeless position, without feeling that any fair trial of the merits of his yacht had taken place. He was bound to win three races before his antagonist could win one, in order to gain the Cup; and in the next race, from its probably decisive character, the steamer nuisance was likely to be worse than ever. The committee governing the contest, with all possible goodwill, could barely secure a clear start; beyond this its members were powerless. The all-important race might resolve itself into a dodging of irresponsible excursion-boats.

And Lord Dunraven might pardonably feel nervous about the safety of his yacht. He has had one valuable vessel sunk owing to a crowded start; he might easily suffer further damage from some irresponsible tug, and the committee refused to declare the race void in case of interference on the part of excursion-steamers. Such a refusal, by the way, seemed to put a premium on foul play by partisans, and a steamer of the British or even of the Gould faction might have easily spoiled the chances of the Defender. As a private yacht-owner, Lord Dunraven may justifiably have felt that to race under such conditions was a useless risk; as an international representative, he may reasonably have concluded that no real and decisive trial was possible.

Yet it seems unfortunate that, having been chivalrous enough to cross the line a third time in order to ensure the award of the race to his opponent, Lord Dunraven did not carry his chivalry further, and finish what was probably a hopeless contest. A clear start he had gained by his protest: it is possible, though not probable, that a feeling of sportsmanship would have restrained even the excursionists, and that a real race might have been obtained. If a plain interference had taken place, his position would have been far stronger, and possibly in that case public opinion would have forced even the Cup Committee to accept some responsibility, and organise a fresh series of contests. As it is, the helpless timidity and scrupulous adherence to routine shown by that worthy body have contributed with accidents, errors of judgment, and the snobbishness of sightseers, to make a renewal of the yachting contest highly improbable for some time to come.

When—if ever—the America Cup is again contested, certain preliminary precautions must be observed. To begin with, the match should be treated as international on both sides. The best English yacht afloat must meet the best American boat. Valkyrie II. was generally thought decidedly inferior to Britannia, and Valkyrie III. has never been really tested against other English boats. If Britannia had gone over last year, the Cup would have come near to quitting its present holders; and even this year, the name of the Prince of Wales would have supplied that element of awe which alone can check the intrusive crowding of the snobs of all nations. Failing the Britannia, the best English boat should be selected by exhaustive trials, and sailed by the best crew to be obtained, irrespective of private ownership or challenge. Then, and then alone, can a really international contest be secured.

To transfer the match to neutral waters, equally strange to both competitors, is probably beyond the powers, and certainly beyond the courage, of the present committee; but a change might be made to some less-frequented part of the American coast, or some millionaire might buy up all the tug-boats and excursion-steamers in New York, and refuse to let them out during the races. For uncertainties of wind and obstructions of the course are sure, in most cases, to act against the crew to whom they are unfamiliar.

Finally, in order to secure a successful result, let both captains be instructed, in any case of doubt, to run down the committee-boat—with the committee on board, if possible.

MARMITON.



HARLECH GOLF LINKS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Two books of the week—books of my week, that is—are volumes of "Impressions." The only tie between them is the inappropriateness of such a title for either. The one is a very serious, elaborate, even rather stodgy volume, in which the descriptions are not at all of the lightning-flash kind, and the opinions expressed have been weighed, and qualified, and revised, and confirmed, a dozen times before they have been put in print, M. Paul Bourget's "Outre-Mer, Impressions of America" (Unwin). There is nothing very impressionist about it, in the usual sense of the word. The other is—but there, juxtaposition is often unseemly and generally misunderstood. Let no one be frightened away from M. Bourget's big tome. He is a little lengthy and a little solemn, after his wont; but his book is a capital one to dig in time after time, and it will not be a few plunges that will exhaust all his good things. Artist, lover of the sacred relics of old Europe, and idealist as he is, he seems to have turned up his nose at nothing, but to have looked on with great curiosity at everything, from Sargent's pictures, Harvard, and the Parliament of Religions to the slaughter-houses of Chicago.

Here are some of the things he notices: "The total absence of adventurers and adventuresses. . . . It is easy to deceive a composite society, but not a society of business men." "The imitation of aristocratic impertinence, that scourge of under-bred society, finds no place here." He says he has been aware, too, of a greater tolerance of daring in letters and art, the reason being that the interest in these has in America nothing at all to do with the senses, but is purely intellectual. This is true, I think, only of a very small circle. His observations on the solitariness of the American poet and artist, that they form no part of a school, or even of a group, is more of a general truth.

He has a kind way of saying a thing which, in a slightly altered form, would look like a reproachful criticism. For instance, "The American, who lives so fast, carries to the highest pitch a fondness for seeing himself live. It seems as if he looked upon himself and his surroundings in the light of a singular experiment in social life. . . . There is a curious mixture of doubt and pride in the pleasure which he feels in escorting you from one end of his house to the other, showing you, in a breath, the picture-gallery and the linen-closet, the drawing-room and the bed-chambers." Now, a tourist who was neither a philosopher nor an exceptionally amiable man would put the American's nervous interest in himself down to affectation. For American reporters, even, he has a good word. In spite of all their "ruthless audacities of research," he says he could count the paragraphs in the numerous interviews he has read "which have in them anything wounding, or even one of those humours of the pen so habitual among the most insignificant paragraphers of the Boulevards." There is much else, of course, on such familiar and even overdriven themes as the wonders of mechanical invention, the American young girl, schools, prisons, and cowboys.

"Impressions" again, this time "of Aureole." But "confessions" is the right word. It is in these this young lady deals to ease her soul after each of her innumerable scrapes. Aureole is frankly frivolous. The lust of the eyes (if by that be meant an inordinate delight in *chiffons*) and the pride of life burn violently in her, and she has an idea that austere moralists would be of her way of thinking, had they her chances. Her lively confessions are about as near an echo of "Gyp" as English taste and Aureole's general guilelessness will allow—for the harum-scarum, capricious beauty is all on the side of virtue, even if she shies at its occasional dullness. Hers is only a book of the hour, or of the half-hour, using the newest smart phrases and crazes as its material. Indeed, here and there it sinks to the level of the ladies' column in a fashion-paper, and does itself real injustice. For such clever vivacity is not to be met with every day, and Aureole, with her chatter and feverish love of excitement, her exceptional talents for getting into scrapes as soon as she is left to her light-headed self, as well as for remorse, is an engaging person. And as for the tone, it is, at least, a great deal less vulgar than that of most Society novels to-day, and even less so than the actual life it describes. The book is published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in so elegant a form that it is fit for the boudoir of Aureole herself.

Mr. Crockett has scored another success. There is no doubt but that he only knows what is best in him when he has leave to tell of riding and fighting, and a helter-skelter, far from orderly life. Whether it be to his credit or discredit, his genius is not peaceable. "The Men of the Moss Hags" (Isbister) has the true Cameronian ring about it; the clank of the sword keeps time to the tune of the psalm. And the Cameronian hero, young Earlston—we have met his father before both in history and ballad—is not much of a theologian. To carry the standard at Sanquhar, and be in the thick of the charge at Ayrsmoss, were more to his liking than preaching. In a romance of the time you cannot expect too much love-making; there was too little leisure. What we get, however, is pretty, and there is a plentiful promise of more in the sequel which is to take the hero to Holland. But the lovers of perilous adventure have a better feast than the lovers of sentiment.

Mr. Crockett has made use of historical material both familiar and unfamiliar. But where he has taken a well-known incident, like the killing of young Hyslop, for instance, you will approve of his version. He keeps up his fashion of using antiquated language. Is this a mistake? One's opinion changes every other page, but certainly he contrives some very pretty writing in the style.

o. o.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Lord Downe, the new Steward of the Jockey Club, is a good all-round sportsman. He is known in the Pytchley country as a bold rider to hounds, and he sits a horse like an Archer.

Lord Downe was born in the 'forties, and went to Eton. He succeeded to the title in 1857, when he was only thirteen years of age, and in due course went to Oxford. In 1865 his lordship joined the 2nd Life Guards, and four years later married Lady Cecilia Molyneux, daughter of Lord Sefton, and sister of Lord Molyneux. In 1879 Lord Downe saw service in Zululand, and gained the medal and clasp. He commanded the 10th Hussars from 1887 to 1892, and is now A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Downe first registered his racing colours in 1871, and the same year won the Knavesmere Plate at York. His lordship won the Grand Military Steeplechase in 1876 with Earl Marshal, a horse bred by himself, and it is worthy of note that Captain Hope Johnstone, who rides now as well as ever, was on the back of the winner. Lord Downe is a patron of the military meetings.



VISCOUNT DOWNE.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Duke of Devonshire will, I believe, have a large stud of horses in training next year. His Grace joined the Turf in 1869, when he raced under the name of "Mr. J. C. Stuart." His colours were then brown jacket and red cap, gaudy, but not neat. On dropping his assumed name, he changed them to straw, which had been the Devonshire colour since the reign of George III., and which had been in abeyance since the retirement from the Turf of Lord George Cavendish. It was the third Duke of Devonshire who owned Flying Childers, of which horse there is a large painting on the Grand Staircase at Chatsworth. The Duke purchased Flying Childers from his breeder, Colonel Childers, of Carr House, Yorkshire.

I really cannot be dragged into any controversy over Mr. John Burns and the Sporting League. At the same time, it is always pleasant to read funny letters from Sir Claude de Crespigny. The well-known sporting Baronet writes as follows—

DEAR CAPTAIN COE,—On page 453 of *The Sketch*, I notice that you have had an interview with Mr. J. Burns. It is satisfactory to hear that he is no spoil-sport, but an enthusiastic sportsman, and possibly very much in sympathy with Lord Londonderry's views as expressed in the *Morning Post*, as, doubtless, are many of the members of the Sporting League. Did it occur to you to ask him whether he is correctly reported in describing the members of that League in the language alluded to by Mr. Allison? If he did so, the sooner he protests against the prefix of "honest" to his name the better. There may be members of the League who are utterly unfitted to belong to it; but to describe the body generally by the character of its basest members would be palpably unjust. It would be equally incongruous to bracket the Duke of Argyll and Lord St. Leonards as types of hereditary legislators, the late Lord Granville and Dr. Tanner as representing courtesy of debate, the Chesterfield Letters and those of Mr. T. Healy as specimens of polite letter-writing, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. J. Burns as knights of the shires.—Yours faithfully,
C. CH. DE CRESPIGNY.

Until the advent of gate-money meetings forced a change upon the Jockey Club, Newmarket was a most wretched place for accommodation during race-meetings. Three forlorn buildings only were there on the Heath, two of which were monopolised as dressing- and weighing-rooms, while the third was used as a stand for members of the Jockey Club. Before the stands were built, backers were mostly on horseback, and those bookies who could afford it followed their example. Many of the fielders, however, crowded those public conveyances which, in the last stage of disintegration, yet loiter about the railway station.

Mr. Nat Gould, the well-known Australian journalist, is sojourning in our midst, and he has let the cat among the pigeons by telling us that the Australian horse Paris III. is a certainty, but Mr. Gould, well known all over the Land of the Golden Fleece as "Verax," says that Paris III. is not by any means either a large or a handsome horse, but his book record is of the best. Those critics who say Paris III. is big enough for a National winner must be mistaken, or Mr. Gould is. According to rumour, those behind Paris III. say he could win with 14 lb. more to carry.

The Scottish race-meetings are well attended, but it is surprising what little betting takes place at them, and the investment of a pony would make almost any horse engaged favourite. At the same time, the Northerners are patriotic, and certain 'cute bookmaking owners in the South turn this fact to advantage by sending their horses North, and backing them in the London clubs. These professional owners do not back their horses at the post, but perhaps they may other people's. This will account for some little owners being able to pay the heavy travelling expenses for themselves and their horses.

LONGEVITY AND CORPULENCY.

The just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.), is in itself indicative of the widespread influence which the author now exercises as a successful expert in the treatment of obesity, while the additions to the evidence which, as a statistician, he is in the habit of collecting on the subject are suggestive of some curious reflections. It is evident that Mr. Russell is annually treating thousands of cases of excessive fat with a success which, in the rapidity and the permanence of its manifestation, is truly marvellous. That the enormous popularity of his system is likely to increase in the future is most probable, because it is free from all the drawbacks which have rendered the Banting and other methods of reducing corpulence unacceptable to the majority of the sufferers, who have regarded these cures as rather worse than the complaint. By attacking the causes rather than the symptoms of obesity, he strengthens the digestive organs, thus actually increasing, instead of decreasing, the appetite, while the surplus weight is being reduced at a wonderfully rapid rate, amounting to pounds per week, and often stones per month. Add to this that there is no mystery about the nature of the absolutely innocuous preparation, the recipe for which Mr. Russell supplies in his capital little volume (256 pages), which may be obtained, post free, by sending six penny stamps to the author's offices, at the address given above. It seems certain, therefore, that as a result of the happy revolution which the patient research of this specialist, with the aid of a distinguished physician as a collaborator, has effected, the average of longevity will, before long, be appreciably raised. Obesity is, indeed, one of the few antagonistic influences remaining, which, especially among the more prosperous classes, prevent the great majority of people of both sexes becoming centenarians. With advanced ideas in regard to wholesome food, clothing, and sanitary arrangements, it only remains to get rid of clogging fat to live an ideally hygienic and, therefore, a very prolonged life.

ATHLETICS AND CORPULENCY.

The remarkable increase during the past two decades in the popularity of athletic exercise with both sexes and amongst all classes of society has given an added importance to everything which may be supposed to come within the scope of the literature of the subject. Although the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," a brightly written little volume of 256 pages, does not claim anything of the kind, he has unquestionably made a very valuable contribution to that literature. Applied science has of late years made such rapid advances in regard to the training of athletes, as well as in reference to other matters, that the terribly severe methods of preparation for rowing, running, and other contests have almost ceased to exist. The movement in the direction of less heroic systems than those of starvation and deprivation of all luxury is in effect completed by the teaching of the thoroughly convincing little work in question, the author of which is Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., who, as hundreds of attested letters show, has been successful in the invention of a purely vegetable preparation, which, without the slightest injury to the constitution, but with results which are eminently beneficial to every bodily organ, will reduce superfluous weight to the extent of as much as two or three pounds per day, until the weight has been reduced to its normal standard. The action of Mr. Russell's specific is, so to speak, automatic, since the method of securing the desired result is to strengthen the action of the liver to such a degree that it throws off all the excess of fatty constituents whose unwelcome presence constitutes obesity. When that limit has been reached the action of the preparation naturally ceases, although its use is perfectly harmless, and it is a very delightful beverage. The adoption of Mr. Russell's method, therefore, affords a certain and easy method of ascertaining how far the weight may be reduced—by jockeys, for example, or for other sporting purposes—without inflicting an injury on the system. "Corpulency and the Cure" will be sent to any address, post free, on receipt of six penny stamps, which should be forwarded to Mr. Russell's offices, as above.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN CORPULENCY.

A Mr. Russell, author and specialist in obesity, has experimentally tried the effect of administering large doses to moderately lean persons of his well-known herbal discovery, which is so marvellously effectual in reducing superfluous fat, with the result that there is not the slightest alteration or diminution of weight recorded, thereby proving conclusively that it is only the unhealthy adipose waste tissue which is destroyed; for, after dispensing a few fluid ounces of his remarkable vegetable compounds, he succeeds in destroying the diseased fatty mass at the rate of from 2 lb. to even 12 lb. in seven days. There can be no ambiguity about it, for any person can test this for themselves by standing on a weighing-machine. He explains that all lean persons carry a certain amount of fat necessary for the natural production of heat in the body, but Nature has only stored up her requisite stock in the healthy system, which she most zealously guards, and thus declines to part with an ounce to the persuasions of Mr. Russell's vegetable tonic, however immoderate the dose may be, which testifies abundantly to the fact that it is only a chemical solvent of insalubrious adipose tissue. There is no doubt that the inventor of the composition must have possessed a profound vegetal knowledge in selecting this simple but peculiar combination.

Those who resort to the pernicious product of the mineral kingdom, or even the deleterious section of the vegetable world, doubtless can decoct something powerful but injurious in its action; such, however, require no laudatory commendation; but Mr. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," (256 pages, price 6d., stamps, post free), makes no secret of the simplicity of his treatment, and avers that the decoction can be drunk as a refreshing summer drink, pleasant to the palate, yet having sufficient effect, although perfectly harmless, to remove generally 2 lb. or more in twenty-four hours. Stout persons would do well to send for his book, which can be obtained at the address given above.

Mappin & Webb's



PRESENTATION PLATE.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

THE "THORWALDSEN" BOWL, IN STERLING SILVER.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., & 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, W.

(Facing the Mansion House).

Manufactory: Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

"No country house will be without a copy, and no sportsman ever go a journey without his 'BADMINTON MAGAZINE.'"—LAND AND WATER.

PRICE ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Edited by ALFRED E. T. WATSON (Rapier).

"Should go like a driven grouse."—THE FIELD.

PRESS OPINIONS OF THE FIRST NUMBER.

"Will receive, because it fully deserves, a hearty welcome from all classes of lovers of sport."—FISHING GAZETTE.

"A really good magazine dealing with sport, well illustrated, well written, with plenty of variety and nothing offensive, was wanted, and here we have it."—LAND AND WATER.

"Promises to be as great a success among periodicals as the Badminton Library in the book world. It is a pleasant combination of sport and fiction; it is well illustrated, and the articles are brightly written and timely."—GRAPHIC.

"The appearance of the first number of the 'Badminton Magazine of Sports and Pastimes' announces the fact that a want which has been very generally felt is likely to be supplied; indeed, to judge from the first number, one might almost have written, certain to be supplied."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"A wide and cordial welcome is assured for the 'Badminton Magazine.' It is appropriately edited by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, who has been the coadjutor of the Duke of Beaufort in superintending the Badminton Library; and there is no one who has a better acquaintance with his subjects and with his public."—TIMES.

No. 3. OCTOBER 1895.

- I. HIGHLAND SPORT IN THE LAST GENERATION
Illustrated by A. THORBURN. Alexander Innes Shand
- II. THE MAN IN THE MOUNTAINS
Illustrated by H. M. BROCK. Guy Cadogan Rothery
- III. SOME TARPON ADVENTURES
With Illustrations supplied by the Author. Otis Mygatt
- IV. A HAVER WITH TOM MORRIS H. S. C. Everard
Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG and N. J. GIBB, and from Photographs.
- V. NOTES FROM AN AMBUSH
Illustrated by N. ARTHUR LORRAINE. Fred Wishaw
- VI. HUNTING IN INDIA
Illustrated by JOHN BEER. Richard Green-Price
- VII. THE OLD SPORTSMAN
Andrew Lang
- VIII. CUB-HUNTING
Illustrated by C. E. BROCK. The Earl of Yarborough
- IX. OXFORD REMINISCENCES
Illustrated by STANLEY BERKELEY. R. K. Mainwaring
- X. RAFT FISHING IN NORWAY
Illustrated by H. G. MASSEY, A.R.P.E. Edwin Lester Arnold
- XI. CYCLING FOR WOMEN
Illustrated by LUCIEN DAVIS. Lady Jeune
- XII. NOTES BY "RAPIER"

PRESS OPINIONS OF THE SECOND NUMBER.

"We cannot say too much in praise of the 'Badminton Magazine.' It has made its mark in true sporting style, and its success is now assured."—ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE.

"The 'Badminton Magazine' has fulfilled the liberal promises of its first number."—LAND AND WATER.

"The second number of this new candidate for favour is, if anything, better than the first. It is a capital shilling's-worth."—BRIGHTON HERALD.

"The September issue of the new sporting magazine—the 'Badminton,' more than sustains the splendid promise of the initial number."—REFEREE.

"The 'Badminton Magazine,' admirably printed and illustrated in its second number, excels in interest and variety its predecessor."—ENGLISH MAIL.

"The 'Badminton' began well, and is going on better. If there is any such thing as the perfectibility of the species in magazine literature, it may do better still; but we confess that we do not see how such a consummation is to be brought about."—COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

SECOND-HAND DIAMOND
ORNAMENTS, OLD JEWELLERY, &c.,
Purchased for Cash or Taken in Exchange.

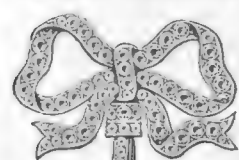


WILSON & GILL


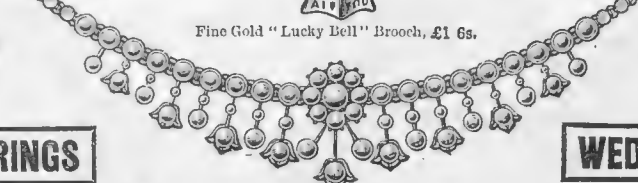
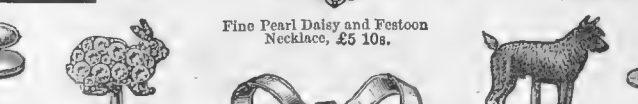
MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS,
134, REGENT ST., London.




GOODS FORWARDED TO THE
COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.


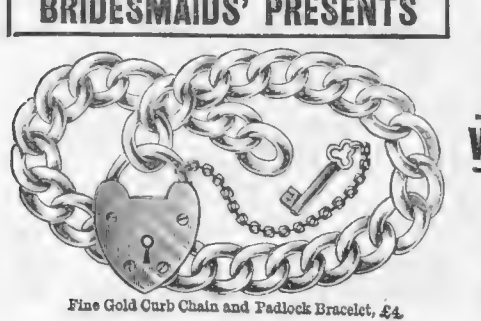
FAMILY JEWELS
ARTISTICALLY REMODELLED.
Designs and Estimates Prepared Free of Charge





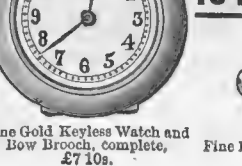

EVERY ARTICLE OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES.








ENGAGEMENT RINGS

WEDDING PRESENTS

BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES

THE MASCOT OF MUSIC-HALLS.

In that avowedly chatty little book, "The Variety Stage,"* the name "Empire" is claimed to possess "Mascottie" virtue, so far, at least, as music-halls are concerned. The Mascot of music-halls, however, to



MR. H. E. MOSS.
Photo by Langflet, Glasgow.

quote a well-known professional nickname, is the great provincial entrepreneur, Mr. H. E. Moss, whom the writers of the volume in question (unaware, probably, of the aforementioned sobriquet) justly call "the head and cornerstone of the Moss and Thornton firm."

In Mr. Moss's case, the interviewer, however inevitable, has hard work to secure his man, for the impresario is an imperial Will-o'-the-Wisp, always fitting from place to place, personally to bestow light and leading on half-a-dozen great "Empires" and a variety of other varieties. At last, however, a *Sketch* representative came face to face with Mr. Moss in his new offices in Leicester Square, which he has just opened in order to be, as he says, "at the centre of business."

That office, by the way, is the centre of a very big wheel indeed, and Mr. Frank Allen, Mr. Moss's indefatigable lieutenant, is now permanently installed there.

Bit by bit, Mr. Moss, who, though one of the most enterprising, is the shyest and gentlest of men, let his visitor into the story of his work, which has culminated in the brilliant success of the provincial music-hall. "I was born near Manchester," said Mr. Moss, "and at the age of sixteen embarked on my career. A young companion and myself constituted the entire company, entertainers and managers. We had the 'cheek' to fancy ourselves equal to such responsibilities, but soon discovered that we and empty benches stood alone in that belief. Indeed," observed Mr. Moss, with a twinkle, "had the benches not been screwed to the floor, I question whether even they would have 'stood' the performance. My first round in the battle of life ended practically in a draw. At the end I had nothing, but I owed nothing. My next venture was a tour through Scotland and northern England with a diorama, the means for which were supplied by my father. From this I raised a little pile, which enabled me finally to pitch my tent at the music-hall in Chambers Street, Edinburgh, where I laid the foundation of whatever fortune I may lay claim to."

"I should say, Mr. Moss, that to convert a place thrice branded with failure into a golden success was a feat not to be accomplished without intelligence and industry."

"Well," said Mr. Moss, "there *may* be such a thing as luck or chance, but, if you don't watch your opportunities, and work, luck will aid you little."

So Mr. Moss worked in Chambers Street, and, while he made that hall, it, in turn, made him. But he was not to stop there. When the boom on music-hall limited liability companies was as yet but a far-off sound, Mr. Moss recognised what it meant. Accordingly, the Edinburgh Empire Palace, Limited, was floated, and a magnificent establishment arose in Nicolson Street. London contains no finer palace of varieties. It is, perhaps, to Edinburgh that one must go to see the most elevated standard that the music-hall has yet attained.

"Our success," continued Mr. Moss, "is greatly due to our rigorous enforcing of a single rule—that forbidding any artist employed by us to violate decency or good taste in the slightest way in his or her business." As Mr. Moss spoke, he indicated an agreement-form, where the rule in question stood out in bolder type: "To break that rule is to be instantly dismissed."

The success of the Edinburgh Empire led capitalists to believe what professionals already held, that Mr. Moss's power is talismanic. He was actually besought to find other and similar channels for investment, so, one by one, these have been chosen by him with that shrewdness which is his chief characteristic. In quick succession, within the last five years, other Empires have arisen, under Mr. Moss's management, in Birmingham, Newcastle, and Sheffield; while the final arrangements have just been concluded for a like establishment in Glasgow, on an equally princely scale. Under Mr. Moss's auspices, too, the Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea

Empire Palaces, with which Mr. Oswald Stoll is intimately associated, were recently successfully floated. These companies were received so eagerly by investors who knew the projector that in nearly every case the capital was applied for four, five, or, as in the case of the Glasgow Empire, seven times over.

"From a financial point of view," went on Mr. Moss, "I attribute my success to the fact that I have never floated a concern, however good and promising, overloaded with capital. Music-halls being more of a luxury than a necessity (though probably to many people nowadays a necessary luxury), are subject to many disturbing influences that trade in necessities is unaffected by, and halls attain their highest success only after trade in necessities has touched prosperity. Hence stress of circumstances may often seriously affect the most excellent concern. The difference between a sound concern, fairly capitalised, and the same concern over-capitalised, is that, in the former case, a stress seldom, if ever, arises great enough to bring the dividend even so low as that of an ordinary safe investment, while, in the latter case, the same stress of circumstances might wreck the company. This difference I have noted and acted upon."

"A word about Edinburgh, in particular, Mr. Moss, before I take leave. You still hold the old place in Chambers Street?"

"Oh, yes! Our variety business will be temporarily transferred to that house at Christmas, when I make an entirely novel departure at the Empire; I mean, the production of Oscar Barrett's 'Cinderella,' as played at the Lyceum, Christmas, 1893. I expect Mr. Barrett in very shortly, to talk over matters. Next Christmas, too, will see my eleventh Carnival at the Waverley Market. Yes, it is an entire success—one little bit of information will show you that. The first year the Corporation charged me £150 for the rent of the Market, last year the sum was £1500. Indeed, it costs me just £1000 a-week in rent for the three weeks, as I've to put in a full installation of electric light, and must spend a considerable sum on decorations."

"You consider that the social status of the music-hall is on the up-grade?"

"I don't think there is any doubt about that," Mr. Moss concluded. "The huge public that now nightly patronises these entertainments surely constitutes a society that sanctions and approves of their existence. Of course, there will always be detractors, but the rapid advance of music-halls in all directions is an indication that common-sense people are falling from the old notion that a place of amusement must be evil because their next-door neighbour has heard somebody who has never been inside one call it so."

Then a pleasant hour came to an end, with courteous adieux. Mr. Moss's claim for the upward tendency of music-halls reminds one yet again of the book already quoted. It is not, perhaps, a very philosophic history (it makes no such pretension), but those whose thoughts do most resort to the "Light Side of Nature" may attribute to the volume, in its very lightness, some weight as a study in social evolution. One day, too, the industrious personal paragrapher may find the book a little godsend, for its paragraphs are nothing if not personal. The title-page is quite as inconsistently solemn as the cover is consistently frivolous.



"A WINSOME WEE THING."
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

* "The Variety Stage." By Charles Douglas Stuart and E. J. Park. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

LEASOWE CASTLE AND RACECOURSE.

A conspicuous feature on the western coast-line of England is the tiny peninsula of Wirral, Cheshire, that divides the Mersey and the Dee. It has a historic past of unusual interest, is singularly varied in natural



THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

features, and contains within its boundaries such engineering triumphs as a portion of the Manchester Ship Canal and the great docks at Birkenhead.

The end of the peninsula bears the full brunt of the Irish Sea, on its coast-line of some ten miles. The southern portion begins at the mouth of the Dee, where the little watering-place of West Kirby nestles under a rocky hill, while opposite lies Hilbre Island. From this point towards the Mersey is a flat country, stretching inland, protected from the sea by a low range of sand-hills. Then comes Hoylake, a fishing and residential village, well known to golfers, and presently, Nature's barrier of sand-hills gives place to several miles of substantial stone embankment.

Behind this sea-wall—built in 1829—lie the ancient race-ground and Leasowe Castle. The centre portion of this building is an octagon tower, with four square turrets on each alternate face, which bear evidence of their three centuries' storms. It is a curious structure, and supposed to have been erected by Ferdinando, Earl of Derby—then Lord of the Manor of the adjacent parishes of Wallasey and Bidston—about 1593, as a sort of residential grand stand or watch-tower. Standing almost in the centre of a four-mile course, its numerous windows must have commanded a view on every side.

This is probably the oldest race-ground in England. An interesting account of it was given by the late Sir Edward Cust in 1849, before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, in describing a curious picture in his possession at Leasowe Castle. The scene is evidently a race before King James I., and though the surroundings are difficult to reconcile with Leasowe, yet the King's presence there is not impossible. In his reign the place belonged to the Earl of Derby, who took a leading part in the royal visit to Chester in August 1617. The King left there for Vale Royal, but it is not improbable he may have been persuaded to visit Leasowe and witness a race upon the course.

However this may be, no similar doubt exists about a royal visit of



THE COURTYARD AND THE ORIGINAL OCTAGON TOWER.

later date, when James, Duke of Monmouth, came to Leasowe in August 1683, which is thus recorded—

On Thursday, the 25th of the same month, the Duke went to the horse races at Wallasey in Wirral, which served as a rendezvous for his friends in this part of the kingdom, a junto of whom sat in consultation in the summer-house at Bidston where was concerted that insurrection which was afterwards attended with such fatal consequences.

The Duke meanwhile won his race, presenting the stakes to the infant daughter of the Mayor of Chester, whose god-father he had become the previous day.

Sir Edward Cust sums up his interesting paper with the remark that—

"it is not known what other gentleman's racecourse existed before King James's reign, in whose time Newmarket first came into vogue," but alludes to races then held on the Roodeye (Chester) "as mere sports of the vulgar, where horses without riders were impelled by clamour, missiles, &c., to contend for a bell, whence the expression 'to bear away the bell.'"

The principal race-meeting in Cheshire continued to be at Wallasey, or Leasowe, for another century. On Feb. 15, 1672, Charles, Earl of Derby, advertised the races, and in 1727 the following entry was published as mentioned in Weatherby's *Calendar*—

On the first Thursday in May, the "Wallasey Stakes," of 20 guineas each, for five-year-old horses, 10 st. each, 4 miles, 14 subscribers.

Sir R. Grosvenor's "Spot"	1
Earl Derby's ch. h.	2

Five others started.

The "Wallasey Stakes," then the most considerable in the kingdom, was transferred to Newmarket in 1732, when the connection of Leasowe with the Turf seems to have ended. A ruin in Wallasey is still pointed out as the remnant of an old racing-stable.

The tower erected by Lord Derby passed, a few years later, with other property at Wallasey and Bidston, to the Egertons of Oulton, and was sold, in 1802, to Mrs. W. L. Boode, through whom the family of Sir Edward Cust derive possession. It was originally called New Hall, and also for many years Mockbeggar Hall, being a sailor's name for a lonely house;



ONE OF THE ROOMS.

but with the additions of the present century, as now exist, its more important name of Leasowe Castle is certainly more appropriate. One apartment deserves especial notice from being fitted with the ancient mantelpiece and oak panelling of the infamous Star Chamber. This was acquired by Sir Edward Cust upon the demolition of the Exchequer Court in 1836, and now graces a stately dining-room.

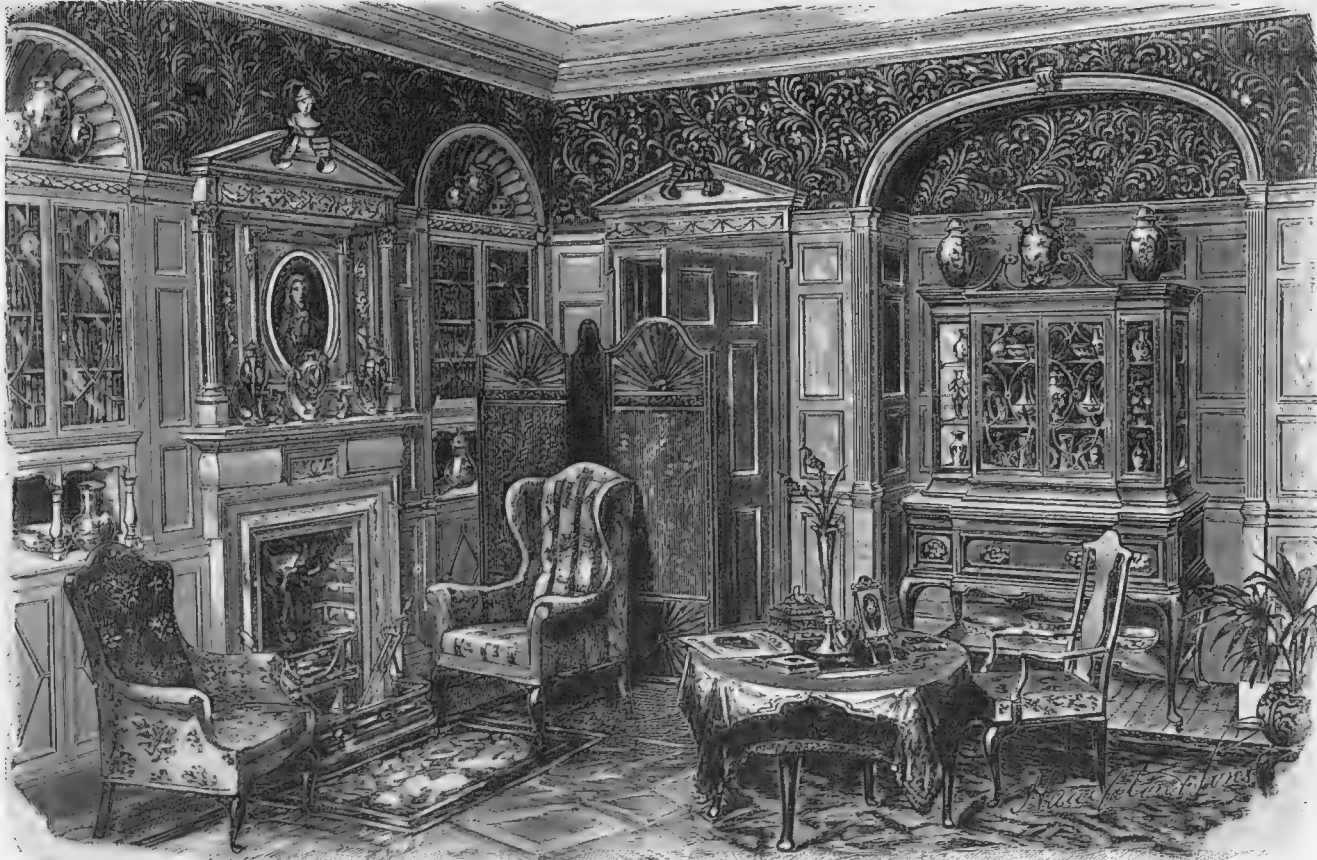
The "Leasowes," save for the private castle grounds, are now a public common and golfing ground. Indubitable evidence exists that its original area has been greatly lessened by the ravages of the sea. Of the ancient submarine forest, and other antiquarian features, space will not permit allusion here, but one historic item deserves a passing notice. From Hoylake shore, three miles away, Marshal Schomberg embarked for Ireland with 10,000 horse and foot in 1689, and a few weeks later William III. set sail from a spot still known as the King's Gap, to conduct the campaign which ended in the Battle of the Boyne.

The late Sir Edward Cust, an old Peninsula officer under Wellington, resided at Leasowe Castle for some sixty years, and the house presents many evidences of his military tastes, one of which is the record on the staircase railings of every great battle of the British Army from Blenheim to Sebastopol. Many a distinguished visitor has been to Leasowe Castle. King Leopold I. of the Belgians was frequently there, and is commemorated in the Leopold Keep, while, in later years, the Duke of Edinburgh has been a guest.

Ichabod! This quaint corner of old English life is now to undergo another change, the castle having been disposed of by Sir Charles Cust, Bart., for the purposes of a hotel. Its contents (with certain exceptions, including the Star Chamber "fitments") have passed under the auctioneer's hammer, and Leasowe Castle will now enter upon a new career, in the service of the public.

W. J. RADFORD.

HAMPTON & SONS, EXPERTS IN INEXPENSIVE DECORATIVE FURNISHING.



QUEEN ANNE MORNING ROOM. From the "SPECIMEN INTERIORS" in HAMPTON & SONS' GUIDE TO TASTEFUL FURNISHING.

Wall Paneling	...	pine, primed for Painting,	2s. per square foot.
Mantel and Overmantel	...	do.	18 guineas.
Overdoor	...	do.	25s.
Bookcases	...	do.	50s. per foot run.
Cabinet in Solid Mahogany	19 guineas.

Table in Solid Mahogany,	75s.
Four-fold Screen, do., with Tapestry panels,	£9 15s.
Two Easy Chairs in Tapestry,	70s. each.
Brass Pierced Fender,	45s.
Set of Brass Fireirons,	12s. 6d.
Arm Chair,	55s.

HAMPTON & SONS, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

FOR THE
BEST VALUES NOW
OBTAINABLE IN EVERY
DEPARTMENT OF
FURNISHING
SEE
HAMPTON & SONS'
GUIDE TO
TASTEFUL
FURNISHING
AT
SMALL OUTLAY

Fifty Examples of Artistic Interiors, and 2000 Illustrations of separate articles are shown in this Work.

Sent Free to those about to Furnish.

In view of the steady and
CONTINUOUS INCREASE

in the amount of Decorating and Furnishing Work with which they are being favoured,

HAMPTON & SONS

have again Augmented their Staff, and still further extended their already Unrivalled Facilities for carrying out EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WORK in connection with the

DECORATING,
FITTING, AND
FURNISHING OF
HOUSES

IN THE
MOST TASTEFUL
MANNER AT LEAST
EXPENSE.

Sanitary and Electrical Work a Speciality.

A LAXATIVE & REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE,
MOST AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

FOR
CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

47, SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON, S.E.

Sold by all Chemists. 2s. 6d. a Box.

"Disfigured for Life"

Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases. Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls? It means isolation, seclusion. It is a bar to social and business success. Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when Doctors fail, standard remedies fail, And nostrums prove worse than useless? Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure. CUTICURA REMEDIES Have earned the title Skin Specifics, Because for years they have met with most remarkable success. There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed. It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment. One shilling invested in CUTICURA SOAP Will prove more than we dare claim. In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, And its cures are simply marvellous.



Sold everywhere Price: CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; SOAP, 1s.; RESOLVENT, 2s. 3d.; or the set, post-free, for 5s. 6d.; of F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., Newgate-st., London, E. C.

"How to Cure Skin Disease," post-free.

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The Genuine bears the Trade Mark,

"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"

On Every Packet and Tin.

COSMOSINE

The Antiseptic Saline for the Bath & Toilet Water,
IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS HARD WATER.
Refreshing & Invigorating. Delightful to the Skin.
Prepared by COSMOSINE CO., Granby Row, Manchester. Order through Chemists, Perfumers, or Stores Everywhere. Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d.

The Oldest Liqueur Scotch Whisky!

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.
QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED by

Stenhouse



THIS Very Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years. Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness. This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve of the special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of a less age than described in this announcement.

WM. STENHOUSE AND CO.,
West Regent Street,
GLASGOW.

Chambers crossed National Bank of Scotland.



FOR ACHES AND PAINS.

ELLIMAN'S ELIMINATES PAIN

ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S

ACCIDENT.

Mr. F. H. Lees, New Zealand, writes: "Dawson's Hotel, Reefton, September 10, 1884.—On mounting my horse a couple of weeks ago it bolted, and came down with me upon a wooden bridge, severely twisting and bruising my foot and shoulder. I obtained a bottle of Elliman's and applied it every few hours, with the result that on the second day I could get about again, and a week after rode here fifty miles."

ACHES AND PAINS.

Miss Rose Alphonsine, Spiral Ascensionist, writes: "When doing my Spiral Ascension at the Jardin de Paris, my feet and knees became swollen and very sore. I tried your Embrocation, and after two good rubbings I was able to perform. I now use it after every ascension, and will always keep some by me."

"23, Helix Gardens,
Brixton Hill,
London, S.W.,
Oct. 29, 1884."

ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S
Universal Embrocation.

ACHES and PAINS. ELLIMAN'S
Universal Embrocation.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL
EMBRICATION for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Sore Throats, Croup, Chest Colds, Stiffness, Canap, Brouchitis, &c.

Bottles, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d. Jars, 11s. 2s.
Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.



SERGEANT: "ELLIMAN'S I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE."



"AND IT I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE."

PRICES 1/- 2/- 2/6 3/6 PER BOTTLE

PREPARED ONLY BY

ELLIMAN SONS & Co.

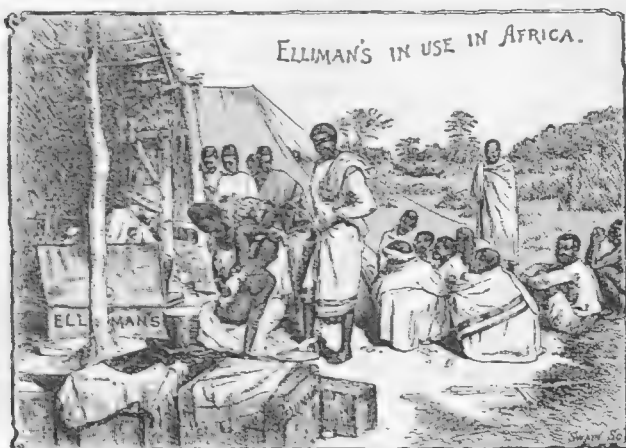
SLOUGH, ENGLAND.



"I have used it with success
WHEN OTHER REMEDIES
FAILED."

ELLIMAN'S
IN AMERICA.

R.J. STEPHENSON
Tandem Stables EVANSTON, U.S.A.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

It is questionable whether there has ever been a football season to compare with this of 1895-6; and, although it is dangerous to hazard such an opinion in these record-breaking times, it is doubtful whether we shall ever experience a season to surpass it in interest. At any rate, many of us will agree that the football of the present is good enough for anybody, and that nothing better is for the moment desired.

Let us analyse the First Division of the Football League, which, after all, is the premier competition in the noble winter game. Herein we have sixteen of the strongest professional clubs in the country. I will not go so far as to say the sixteen strongest, because it is pretty palpable that, in one or two cases, at least, a substitution might be effected with advantage.

Take Bury, for instance. By virtue of a victory over Liverpool in the "test" matches, Bury superseded that team in the great English tournament. That was right enough as far as it went, but it comes to be a moot point whether these "tests" serve their purpose after all. Is it not an absurdity to decide so important a point as the relegation of a club into an inferior League on a single match? There can be no doubt that Bury is a very good team, even though their early performances this season do not stamp them so strong as was thought; but who shall say they are a more formidable combination than the all-powerful Liverpool F. C.? There is one moral to be deduced from the "fluctuations" of these two organisations, and that is, that Second Division form is very different from that in the premier class.

Still, this is somewhat wandering from the point. I wanted to question whether it was ever thought possible we should get sixteen clubs together in one League, clubs sufficiently well matched to afford sustained interest, and then get another sixteen to compose a kind of "reserve competition," which is practically what the Second Division is; and then, having arranged those thirty-two, to find ourselves with innumerable other leagues and clubs, and clubs which do not go in for leagues at all, in profusion? Truly, we have reached the culminating point of football in England. Its general popularity is unbounded.

There is no doubt professionalism has done a great deal for football, even though, in the so doing, it has undone almost as much. Professionalism has been the means of improving the "class" all round; it has made the sport more serious, it has made it a great and, in the main, an ennobling spectacle for the onlooker. It is all very well for the anti-professionals to decry this last-named quality, and to declare that sport ceases to be sport in the actual meaning when it is made a sort of entertainment for the populace. But what I would ask is, Where would sport be if it were not for the encouragement of the general public, which has fostered and developed it into its present healthy state? *Piat justitia, &c.*

A look round at English football of the present day reveals the fact that three or four clubs stand out by themselves in the matter of superiority. In this small band must be included the Corinthians, the leading amateur club—the only one, in fact, which can hold its own against the professionals. The average Corinthian realises the Latin description of a sound mind in a sound body. He is a big fellow, of superb physique, and, as regards mental qualities, far in front of his professional contemporary. The one deficiency which brings the Corinthians as a team down to the level in ability of the paid sides is lack of practice among themselves, and therefore lack of combination. If only the Corinthians had the opportunities, or rather, accepted them, afforded the professionals of playing themselves into a team—a regular team—of adding the machinery of "togetherness" to their natural individual skill, what a great combination we should have, and what a revolution it would mark in the game of Association football!

Next to the Corinthians, or rather, in the same category, can be placed Aston Villa and Sunderland. Here we have the machinery of combination, without, however, the same physique. Still, absence of physique is absolutely general in the Football League, so that balances matters. After the three clubs specified, we have a whole bunch of equalment, and this is the real secret of the popularity of the sport. What a "champion-of-the-world" team we could gather together from the two classes of amateurs and professionals now playing in this country!

Say, for instance, the following: L. H. Gay (Old Brightonians), goal; J. W. Crabtree (Aston Villa), and L. V. Lodge (Corinthians), backs; J. Reynolds (Aston Villa), J. Cowan (Aston Villa), and H. Wilson (Sunderland), half-backs; W. J. Bassett (West Bromwich Albion), J. Bloomer (Derby County), J. Campbell (Sunderland), R. C. Gosling (Old Etonians), and R. R. Sandilands (Old Westminsters), forwards.

And here is a team to meet it: H. Storer (Woolwich Arsenal), goal; M. J. Earp (Sheffield Wednesday), and W. Williams (West Bromwich Albion), backs; E. Needham (Sheffield United), J. Holt (Everton), and A. Goodall (Derby County), half-backs; A. Geddes (Millwall Athletic), T. Hyslop (Stoke), J. Goodall (Derby County), R. McLeod (West Bromwich Albion), and C. Athersmith (Aston Villa), forwards.

One could go even further, and pick a third side, probably capable of beating either of the others, as, for instance: J. Reader (West Bromwich Albion), goal; D. Jones (Bolton Wanderers), and A. Somerville (Bolton Wanderers), backs; C. Perry (West Bromwich Albion), T. Anderson (Blackburn Rovers), and D. J. Calderhead (Notts County), half-backs;

F. Spikesley (Sheffield Wednesday), F. Wheldon (Small Heath), G. O. Smith (Old Carthusians), J. Devey (Aston Villa), and L. Meredith (Manchester City), forwards.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The second of the great international athletic events between England and America takes place on Saturday next, this time in the form of Cambridge v. Yale. There is one thing at least to be said, and that is, that John Bull certainly cannot sustain a severer defeat than he did two Saturdays ago.

In only one or two cases will the men who so indiscriminately trounced us on Aug. 21 be again found in the opposing ranks, but though this would seem to suggest that we have a chance, the balance of time and distance records is in favour of the Yaleites, as will be seen by a comparison of the performances of the

PROBABLE COMPETITORS.

CAMBRIDGE.

100 Yards.—G. Gomer-Williams (Wellington and Jesus), 10 1-5 sec.; E. H. Wilding (Pembroke), 10 2-5 sec.

Quarter-Mile (also 300 Yards).—W. FitzHerbert (Charterhouse and Trinity Hall), 49½ sec.; C. H. Lewin (Winchester and Trinity), 50 4-5 sec.

Half-Mile.—F. S. Horan (Wellington and Trinity Hall), 1 min. 56 3-5 sec.; W. E. Lutyens (Sherborne and Sidney), 1 min. 56 4-5 sec.

One Mile.—W. E. Lutyens (Sherborne and Sidney), 4 min. 19 4-5 sec.; H. J. Davenport (Repton and Trinity), 4 min. 35 sec.

120 Yards Hurdles (grass and cinders; two races).—L. E. Pilkington (Clifton and King's), 16 1-5 sec. on grass; W. M. Fletcher (Trinity), 16 2-5 sec. on grass.

High Jump.—A. B. Johnston (Wellington and Pembroke), 5 ft. 8 in.; F. M. Jennings (Tonbridge and Caius), 5 ft. 6 in.

Long Jump.—W. Mendelson (New Zealand and Jesus), 22 ft. 5½ in.

Weight-putting.—E. J. M. Watson (Eton and Trinity), 37 ft. 9 in.; A. B. Johnston (Wellington and Pembroke), 34 ft. 2½ in.; W. FitzHerbert (Charterhouse and Trinity Hall), 34 ft. 2 in.

Hammer-throwing.—A. B. Johnston (Wellington and Pembroke), 109 ft. 8 in.; F. M. Jennings (Tonbridge and Caius), 91 ft. 9½ in.

YALE.

100 Yards.—W. M. Richards, 10 1-5 sec.; R. W. Burnet, 10 1-5 sec.

Quarter-Mile (also 300 Yards).—W. M. Richards, 50 1-5 sec.; F. E. Wade.

Half-Mile.—W. H. Wadhams, 2 min. 2 3-5 sec.; P. W. Crane.

One Mile.—J. E. Morgan, 4 min. 26 4-5 sec.; W. H. Wadhams.

120 Yards Hurdles.—E. H. Cady, 16 sec. on cinders; E. E. Perkins, 16 1-5 sec. on cinders; G. B. Hatch, 16 1-5 sec. on cinders.

High Jump.—J. H. Thompson, 5 ft. 10½ in.; L. P. Sheldon, 5 ft. 8½ in.

Long Jump.—L. P. Sheldon, 23 ft.; R. Mitchell, 21 ft. 7 in.

Weight-putting (from a 7-foot circle in American Inter-Collegiate competitions).—W. O. Hickok, 44 ft. 1½ in.; A. Brown, 40 ft. 10 in.

Hammer-throwing (from a 7-foot circle in American Inter-Collegiate competitions).—W. O. Hickok, 135 ft. 7½ in.; H. Cross, 135 ft.

It would, of course, be idle to attempt a prophecy of the result, seeing how wretchedly the London A.C. collapsed at the other sports, but form at least would suggest the victories of the following—

100 Yards.—G. Gomer-Williams, Cambridge.

Quarter-Mile.—W. FitzHerbert, Cambridge.

300 Yards.—W. FitzHerbert, Cambridge.

Half-Mile.—F. S. Horan, Cambridge.

Hurdles (Cinders).—E. H. Cady, Yale.

Hurdles (Grass).—L. E. Pilkington, Cambridge.

High Jump.—J. H. Thompson, Yale.

Weight-putting.—W. O. Hickok, Yale.

Long Jump.—W. Mendelson, Cambridge.

Hammer-throwing.—W. O. Hickok, Yale.

In all probability, much will depend upon the Long Jump, and, anyhow, the event will be anticipated with far greater confidence than was the meeting of the London A.C. and the New York A.C.

The death is announced of the celebrated Marius Allard, the one-time holder of the world's record for twelve hours. Allard, who was only twenty-four years of age, at one stage of his career accomplished the wonderful feat of riding in three twelve-hour races in the course of a fortnight, proving successful in two and running up in the other. Pneumonia is said to have been the cause of death. This is not another death from cycling.

Mrs. Grace has actually accomplished the distance between London and Brighton in 7 hours 40 min. 35 sec., thus beating the record for women by 16 min. 11 sec. She bears a famous name, and is evidently determined to make a reputation for herself.

GOLF.

I am given to understand that the testimonial instituted by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and Mr. C. S. Grace, on behalf of old Tom Morris, is progressing apace. Up to Saturday, the 14th ult., no less than £120 had been subscribed, and it is confidently expected that a useful amount will be reached before the subscription list is closed. Everybody will hope that the popular old player will have his future placed beyond want.

LAWN TENNIS.

From my French exchanges, I learn that a new covered-court tournament is to be held in Paris in the week commencing Nov. 22. In all probability the fixture will savour of an international character, for many English players have promised to compete. OLYMPIAN.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE NEW JULIET'S DRESSES.

Of one thing I am absolutely certain, and it is that no other Juliet has ever lived and loved and died on any stage in such ideally lovely gowns as those in which the latest addition to the ranks of the ill-fated heroine—Mrs. Patrick Campbell to wit—makes so perfect a picture of girlish loveliness. They are one and all materialised poems, both as



regards colouring and design, a fact which you must admit, I think even if you have only an indistinct word-picture of their charms, and much more so if you feast your own eyes upon them. First, then, try to imagine Juliet tripping lightly down the steps of the terraced garden, where mother and nurse discourse of her marriage, her slim, lissom figure clad in a straightly hanging gown of grass-green velvet, embroidered in glittering gold with a conventional design of foliage and scrolls, with here and there a quaint bird, whose name and lineage have yet to be discovered. It is fastened down the left side by means of gold laces, and the sleeves, of finest white muslin, have their fulness held in by two velvet cuffs, also laced with gold cord. The bodice is cut squarely over a tiny chemisette of the muslin, gathered with gold thread, and Juliet's dark hair, which falls over her shoulders in softly curling waves, is crowned by a tiny cap of embroidered velvet.

This is merely the prelude, however, to one of the most marvellous ball-dresses that was surely ever seen. Fashioned of shimmering cloth-of-gold, with the lining of brightest cerise-pink satin gleaming rosily through with every movement, it is bordered at the foot in front with kneeling angels with devoutly clasped hands and folded wings. These little figures are carried out in delicately hand-painted silk appliqué on to the cloth-of-gold, and are arranged in twos, while above them, embroidered in metallic threads, are groups of wings, and then alternate rows of hearts and conventional flames, while, where the square bodice opens slightly over a vest of filmy white gauze, with a delicate tracery in gold, two cherubs' heads peep out from between their outstretched wings, and then give place to a jewelled bordering. This

glittering robe opens at each side over a full petticoat of the gold-embroidered gauze, which is shown off to advantage in the exquisitely graceful sword-dance, which is so notable a feature of the ball-room scene. And then come the long sleeves, covered entirely with a design of wings in the silk appliqué, studded with jewels and slashed open at the side to admit a puffing of the gauze. A band encrusted with jewels holds in the slight fulness at the back by the waist, but in the front it falls straight and plain from yoke to hem, and then, to complete this beautiful living picture, there are shining cloth-of-gold slippers. The same dress is worn in the famous balcony scene, and the moonlight seems to discover in it fresh beauties of colouring and effect, and, with its glories still fresh in your mind, you almost feel as if nothing else could make up for the loss of this particular dress; and yet there is a charm all its own about the next robe, of old-rose cloth—with trimmings of ermine and under-sleeves of cloth-of-gold, the cuffs studded with jewels—which, simple as it is, make it find immediate favour. This is Juliet's wedding costume, with the addition of a quaintly lovely cloak of lavender-grey cloth, made all in one piece, the front and back being long and quite plain; while over the shoulders it is short and slightly full. All round it goes a band of jewelled embroidery, and then there is a deep yoke of bright-yellow velvet, studded with jewels—emeralds, rubies, and sapphires—and outlined with fine black silk cord. A chaplet of white and tender-pink roses crowns the bride's hair, and completes the wedding costume.

Once at home again, and she changes it for an equally beautiful gown of delicate greyish-blue velvet, made in the same style as the first one, of green velvet, though in this case a long girdle goes twice round the waist,



and, where it is loosely knotted at the right side, is finished with a little pouch-pocket. The dress is bordered with a narrow band of filigree gold embroidery, which forms a base for a number of curious tree-like designs, set at regular intervals, and carried out in an appliqué of palest blue cloth, edged with first a line of fine gold cord, and then one of black, the crouching figures of ferocious-looking lions being half hidden by these

[Continued on page 569.]

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Highest Award at Chicago '93

"Lanoline"

Prepared from the purified fat of lamb's wool, is SIMILAR to the FAT of the HUMAN SKIN and HAIR. It is their natural nutrient.

Toilet "Lanoline"

A soothing emollient for health and beauty of the skin. For the complexion. PREVENTS WRINKLES, SUN-BURN, & CHAPPING.

Price 6d. & 1s.

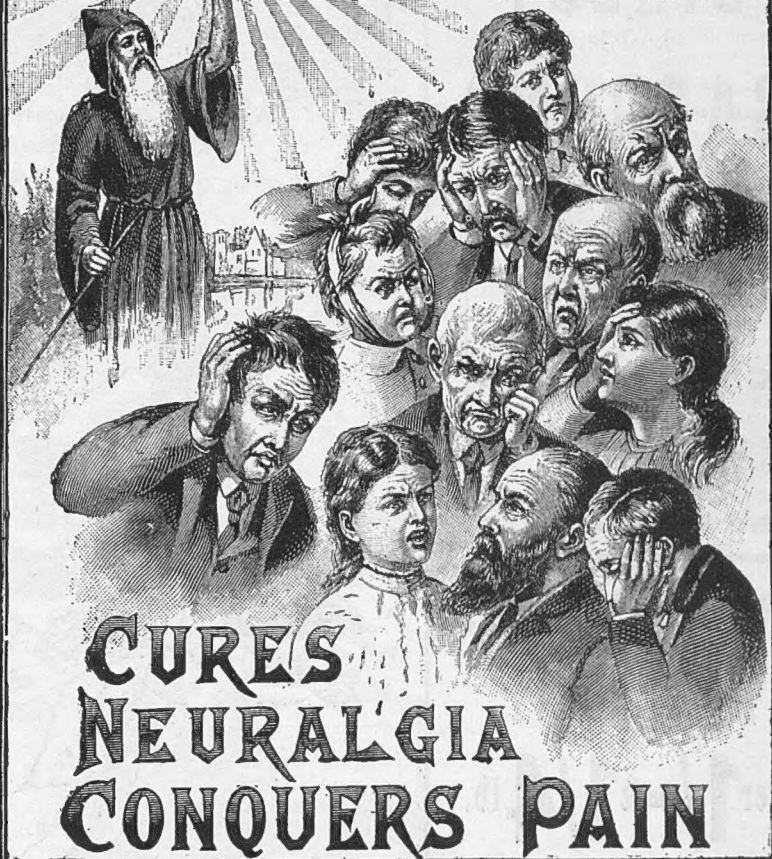
"Lanoline" Pomade

NOURISHES, INVIGORATES, and BEAUTIFIES the hair. Prevents dandruff by its cleansing properties. Price 1/6

"Lanoline" Toilet Soap (No caustic free alkali.) RENDERS the most SENSITIVE SKIN Healthy, Clear, and Elastic. Price 6d. & 1s., from all Chemists. Wholesale Depot, 67, Holborn Viaduct, London.



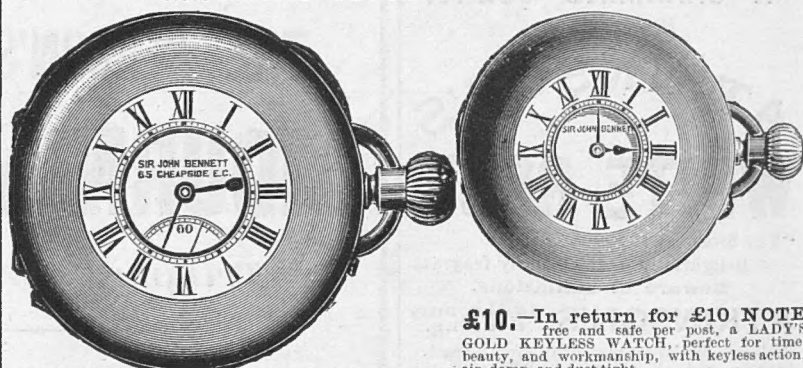
WHY SUFFER THUS? TRY St JACOBS OIL



CURES NEURALGIA CONQUERS PAIN

St. Jacobs Oil has been used for 50 years, and is a pharmaceutical preparation of the highest possible order of merit. Sold by Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 6d. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., 45, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD., WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 3-PLATE HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly emblazoned. Free and safe per post.

£25 Hall Clock to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With bracket and Shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, Ltd., 65, Cheapside, London.

£10.—In return for £10 NOTE free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. THE CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight.

GOLD CHAINS AND JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

Special, hygienic, adherent & invisible Toilet powder — CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Judgement of 8th May 1875.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

Whitens the teeth. Prevents decay. Sweetens the breath. Is most delightfully perfumed, and composed of the most costly and recherché ingredients.

Ask anywhere for ROWLANDS' ODONTO, of 20, Hatton Garden, London, and avoid cheap, gritty imitations. 2/9 per box.

OGDEN'S

GUINEA-GOLD CIGARETTES

3^{D.} SMOKED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY
per packet

MADE IN ENGLAND

trees, while above them some geese of the period—which, please note, seem to be widely different from the common goose of to-day—are also depicted with golden plumage. This dress, too, buttons down the left side, the last button being upheld seemingly by a single golden goose, and the girdle is of the pale-blue cloth, embroidered with pearls, turquoises, and other precious stones, the pocket, too, being fringed with pearls at each corner. There is more jewelled embroidery to finish the bodice at the top, and above it a chemisette of finest muslin is drawn up round the neck, the same airy fabric fashioning the sleeves, which have their soft fulness held in above the elbow by a deep band of velvet wound round with strings of pearls.

With each succeeding dress, my admiration for the genius of their creator, Mrs. Mason, increased by leaps and bounds; but still, two of the loveliest are to come. First, the robe in which Juliet meets and parts with her lover-husband, and which is of softest, most clinging silk, its pure whiteness wrought all over with a wonderful design in gold and metallic-green thread and sequins, and all glittering with diamonds and amethysts, while the girdle is of gold, blazing with jewels. The little under-bodice is of the finest white muslin, edged with a minute frill, and gathered up with gold thread, and the sleeves, which are caught together at the elbow with a jewelled ornament, are then left free to fall, straight and long, almost to the ground.

And then, last of all, is the robe in which Juliet lies in counterfeit and then in real death. This is of white mousseline-de-soie, falling quite straight and plain, and covered from hem to neck with tall sprays of lilies, with their leaves in tender green, and their flowers in white satin, arranged in appliqué form on the gauzy surface. The sleeves, long and tight-fitting, are of cloth-of-gold, with jewels simply massed together to form a boldly effective design, while crowning the dark hair is a chaplet of great white lilies.

After these ideal old-world costumes, it seems almost a sacrilege to touch on modern attire, but, if I am to keep my promise, I must tell you of just a few of those Worth dresses at Drury Lane.

Most distinct is one of the Park costumes. It is of white satin, veiled with white, gauzy muslin, much frilled at the foot, while the smart little coat-bodice is covered with very handsome string-coloured guipure, a tiny cape or a glorified Toby-collar, whichever you prefer to call it, composed of frill upon frill of white tulle, surrounding the shoulders. There is a vest of pleated tulle, and a deep, shaped collar and waistband of satin, glittering with silver sequins; and, crowning all, is a white straw hat, the crown surrounded by a twist of straw, round which strings of pearls are coiled, and with a high cluster of white ostrich-plumes. It is turned up at the back with at least eight bunches of dark-hued violets, each one, too, being of goodly proportions, while one bunch has been dropped lightly on the edge of the brim in front.

Almost equally noteworthy is a reception-gown of flame-coloured satin, the brocaded loop-design being outlined with gold sequins. The bodice is arranged in front in three pleats, which open over slashings of white tulle, and the sleeves are simply a foam of the same airy fabric, though the shoulders are crossed by puffings of black tulle. The effect

is wonderfully good, as you may imagine. And there is another exquisite dress of white satin, the seams outlined with an appliqué design of green leaves and silver sequin acorns. Filmy lace is arranged in festoons round the skirt, and there is a train of leaf-green velvet, lined with rosy-pink satin, and the corselet-bodice is embroidered with acorns and leaves to match, the short, puffed sleeves being covered with frills of lace, which half veil clusters of full-blown pink roses.

A green satin dress has a bodice-drapery of chiffon, one sleeve, the right, consisting of a frill of mellow-tinted lace sewn with green sequins, while the left is of the ordinary puffed variety in the green satin, with bunches and trails of shaded pink roses. Chiffon and roses border the skirt, and there is a waistband of satin, finished with floating sash-ends of sequin-sewn lace.

Fur is to be seen on a goodly proportion of the evening dresses, and roses galore, arranged in trails, vandykes, or bunches; while one charming idea is to scatter sequins broadcast over a satin ground, brocaded with huge crimson and pink roses, with their attendant green leaves, the sequins on the pale-pink background being gold, while the others range through deepest crimson to palest pink, and so on through green, to match exactly the colour of the particular rose or leaf which they cover. Sequins and jewelled trimmings seem, indeed, to be the inevitable accompaniments of this season's evening dresses, and, as all this means a woeful addition to our bills, we shall have to do something to make the balance even. I would, therefore, draw your attention to the fact that, if you have any satin or velvet gowns which have grown old before their time, you should despatch them to those friends of womankind in general, Messrs. P. and P. Campbell, of the Perth Dye Works, Perth. Their care is admirable.

FLORENCE.

ROD v. MAN.

Rod v. Man contests are a form of sport which is becoming popular as a pastime among the legitimate disciples of old Izaak. It is a rough-and-ready sort of amusement, but is calculated to bring out a certain amount of skill on the part of the rodsman, and a very considerable amount of muscular power; while, on the part of the "fish," first-class swimming powers are, of course, the first necessity, while endurance and the exercise of the greatest judgment are of prime importance. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The water being chosen, the "fish," male or female, presents itself in proper swimming-attire. A sort of brace, made to fit over the shoulders and to fasten at the back, is then fixed to the subject. At this back part an arrangement is made, generally by means of a ring, to which is attached the line of the angler. This can be done in various ways, the most common means adopted being a spring swivel. This done, the fish dives into the water, and the play commences. The object of the "fish," of course, is to keep as far as possible from the angler, or to break his line, while the angler's object is to bring his quarry to bank, or within gaffing distance. Ten minutes are generally allowed for the contest, which usually ends in a victory for the "fish."

T. D.



ROD v. MAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 28, 1895.

The settlement of a heavy account in Mines and Miscellaneous securities, and the commencement to-day of the Consols Settlement, have not been sufficient to prevent a continuation and expansion of the speculation for the rise, which shows signs of spreading from the Mining to other markets.

The constant drain of gold from the United States and South America, added to the extraordinary development of gold-mining, makes it more than possible that the extreme inflation that has now gone on for a long time may continue to run until the rubbishy frauds daily foisted on an indiscriminating public begin bursting up all round, and many people think something like two years may elapse before any considerable number of the frauds are found out.

Only the other day we were told of a mining company that erected a battery and had a trial crushing, but, unfortunately, that very night the mill was burnt down, "and," said our informant, with great simplicity, "I was the only man who even suspected what a bad crushing it had been."

Consols and other gilt-edged securities, as well as Home Rails, have gone so high that experts think the balance of probabilities is rather in favour of shrinkage than further expansion in these markets, though they show no signs of breaking yet.

What is almost more wonderful than the "boom" in Mines is the strength in some of the wares of the Miscellaneous market. The "make-up" price of Guinness ordinary on Sept. 10 was 430, and, on Sept. 25, 455. It might have been thought that a rise of 25 per cent. in one account was enough. But, no; the price rose the same day to 460-470, the next day to 470-480, and yesterday to 490-500. This sort of thing is magnificent, but it is not business. It is too much like "Warner's Safe Cure." To-day, the stock is down 10.

To-day being the "Day of Atonement," there has been no attendance of Jewish members, and the market has appeared very dull and deserted, but prices have not given way much, and a few stocks have improved distinctly. In English Rails, Caledonians and North British were quite an active market on the postponement of the Clyde shipbuilding strike, and although there was great stagnation in American Rails, "Canpacs" rose $1\frac{1}{2}$ on an active Continental demand. It is said that this is only the beginning of a great movement to lift the stocks of this railway.

As Miss (or Mrs.) Lizzie Matilda Beech only runs her blind pools, or "Central Stock Exchange operations," for the benefit of regular clients and personal acquaintances, it seems strange that she is still ignorant of the death of the aged clergyman mentioned last week. Cannot the *Central Stock Exchange* raise the cost of the last edition of Crockford?

Not having received any response to the circular which we mentioned last week, touting for a £10 blind pool subscription, the representatives of the deceased clergyman have now received another circular trying to induce the poor old man to send them £5 for another "C. S. E. operation." Will not someone tell "Managing Director" Lizzie Matilda Beech that he has gone to that bourne from whence not even the most seductive circular of the most "experienced company" can extract even a modest £5 note?—

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

S. Simon, Esq.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE ANGLO-AFRICAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED, has a capital of £200,000, and a board of directors the most notable members of which are Sir James D. Mackenzie and Mr. R. G. Webster. The company proposes to make money out of promotions, and may even make it out of the mining and exploration business, as it appears to have some valuable options. No promotion money will be paid, and there are no deferred shares to divide the profits, so that the venture promises well.

THE GIBRALTAR CONSOLIDATED GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, protests too much. The "very influential gentlemen" who "formed themselves into" the promoting syndicate did so, we learn from the Press, "rather to search for good opportunities for investing their own money and that of their friends than to snatch profits from a series of promotions." The whole capital of the company is subscribed, and they have got a property that will pay 35 per cent. What more do they want? and why are they expending "their own money and that of their friends" in whole-page advertisements, and in circulating, not a prospectus—oh dear, no!—but "particulars as to the position and prospects of the mine . . . prepared for the information of shareholders"?

PADDINGTON CONSOLS, LIMITED, offers to the public its capital of £175,000, and, as the whole has to be paid up on allotment, and the list is only to be open for six hours, it is evidently pretty sure of getting what it wants. Eighty acres in seven leases are to be acquired (for £125,000 cash) in the Hannan's mining district, and the lodes are very favourably reported on by several good experts.

THE CENTRAL EXPLORATION AND INVESTMENT CORPORATION, LIMITED, with a capital of £500,000, is brought out by the Central Exploration Company of Western Australia, and will, of course, "go like hot rolls," but whether it will or will not be a permanent success must depend entirely upon the personal ability and powers of organisation of those "in the saddle." As the prospectus truly says, "the outline of the objects and programme of the Corporation which is given here is

of a wide and far-reaching character." It is easier to sketch gigantic schemes in outline, than to grapple successfully with daily and hourly details and difficulties.

THE WHITE FEATHER EXTENDED, LIMITED (WESTERN AUSTRALIA), with a capital of £55,000, is giving £40,000, half in shares and half in cash, for a six-acre lease in the White Feather district of Coolgardie. Although the area is so small, it is alleged to be extremely rich, having at least seven well-defined reefs and leaders, and the company takes a whole page of the *Standard* to impress the fact of this richness on the British public. A curious feature in the enterprise is that "the mines will be taken over as from Feb. 13, 1895, from which date the outgoings of the property will be satisfied by the company, and these have been, by Mr. John Woodyatt's agreement, limited to the sum of £400. The company will obtain the benefit of all work done from that date." It seems strange, considering the supposed richness of the area, that only £400 has been spent on it during the last seven months.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 193, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. S. D.—(1) The Coetzestroom Company possesses about twenty square miles of freehold property, on which it and the company of which it is the reconstruction have steadily lost large sums of money for years. We were under the impression that the company was at a standstill, and was trying to let off some portion of its property to tributors. It possesses, or used to possess, a sufficiently good twenty-stamp battery and cyanide plant to demonstrate the worthlessness of its ore. (2) The Caratal Mining Company is a reconstruction of the Yuruari Company, which was a reconstruction of the New Chile Gold-mining Company, which was a reconstruction of the Chile Gold-mining Company. It is not an attractive *réchauffé*. The 2s. 6d. shares are quoted at about 1s. 6d. They have this year been as high as 2s. and as low as 9d. (3) Middlesborough Town and Lands Company is not a mining company, but is one of the unhappy offshoots of the more unhappy American Association. It was formed to acquire 4300 acres at Middlesborough, in Kentucky. The whole concern has been "an abomination of desolation" for years, but, just lately, a closed steel-works has got together some money, and will reopen as soon as it can get water from the bankrupt Middlesborough Waterworks, so there is a sort of an attempt at a "raising of Lazarus," all round. (4) The Thistle Reef Gold-mining Company used to be known as the New Eberhardt, which was a reconstruction of the Eberhardt and Monitor, which was a reconstruction of the Eberhardt, which was a reconstruction of the Eberhardt and Aurora. They lost so much money in Nevada that it was hardly considered fair towards the other portions of the world, so since 1893 they have been losing their money in the De Kaap district of the Transvaal. In July, 1894, the old board of directors resigned, and a new board was appointed. (5) The Tigerfontein Gold-mines, Limited, was started last January, with a capital of £120,000 (issued), in £1 shares, which are quoted at from 2½ to 2½.

J. S. B.—(1) Cannot tell you. (2) Sell if you can. (3) Considered good, but, of course, highly speculative. (4) We do not know it. (5) We do not like them. (6) Considered good, but very dear; sell half and keep half. (7) Probably mere rubbish. (8) Very dubious concern—if we read your handwriting correctly. (9) Considered a very hopeful speculation.

AFRICANUS.—The concern you name has been a "tip for the touts" so long that we begin to doubt whether it is anything else. Send us your papers, and we will try to find out a little more.

H. H.—If you want 7 or 8 per cent. you cannot expect much safety. You will probably get as much as you can reasonably expect from the preference shares of the Frank Jones or the Springfield Brewery. We prefer them to the other (the first) you name. We advise you to buy through a regular broker—a member of the Stock Exchange—and not through any advertising firm of outside brokers or dealers.

W. G.—We think badly of the concern you name.

R. W. M.—An attractive gamble, but awfully dear. Write to the secretary. He will, no doubt, furnish you with the last report.

PUNCH.—Please send us your own address. By the Rules for Correspondents (which see above) we cannot answer letters merely addressed from an hotel.

DICK.—Please send your name and address. By the Rules for Correspondents we are not allowed to answer anonymous communications.

W. J. W.—We cannot advise you to entrust your money to them. We do not think any guarantee society would guarantee such an "investment." You might as well buy a lottery bond and ask the society to guarantee that you would draw a prize.

WEST.—Not been long enough in existence to enable us to form a confident opinion, but we do not fancy it.

MINER.—(1 and 2) Both thought rather well of. (3) Think you gave too much for them; they are only 17s. 6d. paid. We are rather doubtful about the mine. (4) Fair speculation. (5) A queer concern. It used to be said that there were only eighteen shareholders, who were not rich, though the capital is £1,000,000. (6) Some friends of ours are very enthusiastic about this mine. Personally, we do not know much of it.